The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 187. WEEK ENDING JUNE 1ST, 1912. ONE PENNY.

THE CHARM OF THE RIVER.

In fine weather there are few ways of spending leisure time more pleasantly than on the river. The photograph gives an idea of how it is done on the Thames and will be voted "Very nice, too."

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Dress Suit, for sale, new, fit man 5ft. 7in. Cost £4 5s.; sell £2 10s.—Box 9000, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Brown Riding Boots, scarcely worn, finest London maker; also pair officer's Patent Regulations.—Dilnot, 467, Wandsworth Road, London, S.W.

We have a constant demand for Second-hand Suits, and can consequently pay a good price. Send along that discarded suit. Cash per return post.—Williams and Co., 84, Ribbleton Lane, Preston.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cricket. Club's full Set, four all-cane handled 15s. Match Bats, Ayre's splendid drivers, 8s. each; new 21s. bag, cowhide ends, 12s. 6d.; 3 best 6s. 6d. Match Balls, unused for 12s.; 10s. 6d. White Buckskin Leg Guards, 6s. 6d.; Gauntlets, 5s. 6d.; best Batting Gloves, 3s. 6d.; all in new condition; lot for 67s. 6d.; approval. Box 8005, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bowls, £2 2s., Tournament Set, noted maker; 8 superior full-size polished Lignum Bowls and 2 Jacks, medium bias; complete in strong box, unused; accept 26s. 6d.; approval.—Box 8003, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre, Dept. (MM), London.

Cyclists' Friend makes your cycle puncture-proof. Enormous success. 1s. 1d. (League Member).—Jaques, 66, Rendell Road, Leicester.

Bagatelle board, folding mahogany, 8ft. by 2ft. 3in., cues, ivory balls, 50s.—Box 9001, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London E.C.

Gentleman's speciality, Premier cycle, model 3, 22in., Armstrong 3 speed gear, horn, oil lamp, tyres nearly new; price 50s.: no exchange.—Box 9002, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Very fine set 6 golf clubs, splendid condition, bag, 12 balls, lot 30s.; also lady's set, 6 clubs, bag, 6 balls 20s.—Box 9003, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gun, .16 or .20 bore single or double, good maker, but must be cheap.—Box 9004, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, lawn tent, best, rot proof perfect condition cheap; particulars.—Box 9005, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 958.

Two-Guinea System of Physical Culture, and Four-Guinea Weight Lifting Course; the lot 15s., or exchange Platform Punch-Ball.—J. Mellor, 66, Widdop Street, Oldham, Lancashire.

Don't miss Futty's Offer, page 982.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The finest Tonic ever known for Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Headache, etc. Recommended by leading physicians and athletes. Send 1s. P.O. for recipe to Home Recipe, c/o Box 6031, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 988.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

What Offers, fine White Bullterrier Bitch, very powerful, fine companion, very affectionate.—F. M. Thorne, The Railway Hotel, Shefford, Bedfordshire.

A bargain, coat-hanger, trouser stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 6d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Safety Razors Reground, 1d. each. Gilette, Auto Strop, Clemak, Ever Ready, made equal to new, or cash cheerfully refunded.—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Cut here.....

Cut here.....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 988

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

News came quite recently to hand from Germany which should give patriotic Britons food for serious thought. This is to the effect that on the opening, towards the end of April, of collections for a German national flying fund, more than £100,000 was subscribed in three weeks.

It is, unfortunately, a characteristic of Englishmen to display the greatest degree of apathy towards the things which most vitally concern their welfare; and by the same token, not nearly enough understanding centres round the enormous potentialities of aviation as an instrument of defence and defence. How long woud it take to raise £100,000 for a national flying fund in England?

* * *

Briton's Obligation as a Patriot.

It is to be feared that such a sum—or even half of it—for such a purpose, would be long in the collecting; whereas an equal amount for the furtherance of some novel sporting or theatrical craze, efficiently boomed by the newspaper press, might be realised in a few weeks. It is no exaggeration to say that it takes some sort of national calamity to open the average Briton's eyes to his financial obligations as a patriot. In this respect the Teuton has always been ahead of us—as witness the eager sacrifices that were made, even by the very poorest, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, when women who had no money cut off and sold their hair to swell the national fund. At this time, when there is no lack of young and impoverished Army officers, keenly desirous of practising aviation in the service of their country, but who are debarred by lack of support, some sort of national subscription would be of the greatest value, even if it did not reach the handsome German total.

* * *

Proverb for Lifeboat Authorities.

Here is yet another instance of the national self-complacency which so often results in mishaps of greater or less intensity. The Broadstairs and Walmer lifeboat stations, so we read, are to be closed, "experience showing that in view of the change in the character of the shipping which passes through the Downs, this part of the coast can be adequately protected by the boats at Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Kingsdown."

* * *

In a big city or town, is a fire-station closed because neighbouring fires may sometimes be "adequately" dealt with from the next fire-station to hand?

* * *

All we need, now, is some minor "Titanic" disaster in the immediate neighbourhood of Broadstairs or Walmer, with no time allowed for the boats from the other stations to get to the scene and save life—and then, perhaps, we may see the two lifeboat stations in questions opened once again.

And to what useful purpose is the enormous amount to be devoted, that will be saved by the closing of the stations? Possibly the local amusements committees will receive extended support.

* * *

There is an old, but all the more valuable proverb, about allowing a ship to sink for the sake of a ha'porth of tar—and the authorities responsible for the abolition of the Broadstairs and Walmer lifeboat stations would do well to bear it in mind.

* * *

Waiting for an Answer.

A word in the ear of Mr. Herbert Samuel. A few weeks ago a French actor, appearing at the Little Theatre, London, had a serious attack of "angina pectoris" in his dressing room; and eager helpers rang up Charing Cross Hospital on the telephone—or, at any rate, attempted to do so. It was, so the version of an official of the theatre goes—which up to the time of writing has had no refutation, either from the hospital or the Post Office authorities—fully twenty minutes before the telephone call was put through; a space of time in which, obviously, there might have been all sorts of serious eventualities to the suffering actor.

* * *

Putting aside the immediate thought that cannot fail to strike every common-sense being, namely, why on earth a messenger was not sent personally to the hospital, which is, of course, only on the other side of the Strand, the fact remains that there is cause for complaint, both against the hospital authorities and the telephone system as it is being conducted at present by the Post Office.

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Duty of Switchboard Operator.

Questions on the part of the writer as to whether the number of lines at the hospital is sufficient for all possible emergencies, or whether the fault rested with the operator at the exchange, have so far elicited no satisfactory information.

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It may be that the hospital's lines were all engaged at the time or that the exchange operator had a number of other calls to put through before that from the theatre. In the first case, it is clear that the Charing Cross Hospital should increase its number of lines—and in the second, that a switchboard operator ought invariably to put through a call to a hospital before any other—with the possible exception of a summons to a fire station.

* * *

Very rightly and justly, the Rev. Clarence Richeson, Baptist minister in the U.S.A., was sent to the electric chair. In the whole course of history it would be hard to match such villainy as this unspeakable hypocrite perpetrated under the guise of religion. But why are not all who have merited the electric chair yielded up to its embrace? There is at least one conspicuous exception that, on and off, has agitated public opinion for some time past. It would certainly appear that Uncle Sam's justice is not so even-handed as it ought to be.

* * *

"Poverty of the Clergy."

When one sees in the newspapers such a caption as "Poverty of the Clergy," and reads references beneath it to "the disheartening conditions under which many country clergymen live," one is hardly prepared to find that a sample of these clerical paupers has been in receipt of pretty well £150 per annum for the last five years.

Yet such a one was among twenty from whom appeals were evoked by a philanthropic doctor's four-line advertisement, stating that he was prepared to give a bicycle in good condition to a poor clergyman in a country parish. And the good man is actually set down, in cold, unemotional print, as being actually and horribly poor!

* * *

It is true, of course, that his hundred and fifty a year runs a very bad second to the annual fifteen thousand of His Grace of Canterbury, in the Clerical Stipends Handicap; and it is equally true that he has a family of quite archiepiscopal dimensions, though far from being an archbishop himself. Yet in all probability his parsonage doesn't cost him a penny. And, anyhow, there's many a big-familied rent-paying man, getting not even a hundred a year, who would gladly change places with the reverend pauper, and be amazed if assured that his new position was one of dire and dreadful poverty.

I remarked last week that it isn't altogether advisable to attribute to foreigners every act of cowardice that may occur when a British vessel is wrecked. Lascars in particular have an unenviable reputation in this respect; and yet, in the course of the inquiry into the loss of the "Oceana," it was stated that the delay and difficulty in lowering the boats was not due to the unreliability of the Lascars on board; while the witness, when asked whether he would prefer Lascars to Europeans to work a boat, replied in the affirmative. Let us give the devil his due.

* * *

An Opinion on Teetotalism.

Heaven forefend that I myself should betray any fondness for the kind of thing I have been reprobating. I am not a rabid teetotaler—far from it. I am an ardent believer in temperance (in the rational meaning of the term), and I would not force anyone, by legislation or by any other means, into total abstinence. Nor, I will add, would I seek to divert a total abstainer from the painfully straight and narrow path of rigid sobriety along which he elects to pursue his righteous way.

* * *

I'm not enamoured of him, however—that is to say, as a class. I have no little admiration for the man who, in his time, perhaps, has manifested too great a fondness for the flowing bowl, and who, by sheer strength of will, has switched off on to minerals, either in his own interests, or for the sake of others, on the ground that example is better than precept. But such a man is not your typical T.T.

* * *

The latter, as a rule, has never had a liking for anything stronger than the products of Batey or White. There is no merit in his sobriety. He has no temptation to depart from it. He knows very well that if he essayed to drink a glass of bitter or imbibe a B. and S., he would vomit like a dog. Yet he is so vastly superior, in his own estimation, to the man who does like his whisky or his beer, and who rationally enjoys the gifts the gods have sent him. He proclaims his supposititious superiority from the housetops and relegates the beer-drinker to perdition, with the self-conscious look of a saint who has been canonised before handing in his checks. I don't like him!

* * *

Motor Drivers and Drink.

Having thus sanely expressed my sober sentiments, I do not think I shall be accused of cant when I add, as my deliberate conviction, that there are certain classes of people who, in their own interests and in those of the community at large, should abstain altogether from intoxicants during certain periods. I have in my mind's eye, particularly, the individual who rejoices in the designation of chauffeur, and the gentleman who owns a motor-car and drives it himself.

* * *

The representative of the latter class who was sentenced to twenty-one days in the second division a week ago for having, whilst drunk when in charge of a motor-car, run into and knocked over a cab-horse, was dealt with none too harshly, notwithstanding that the solicitor who defended him gave notice of appeal. In these days of rapid transit and of ever-multiplying traffic, the intoxicated motorist is a most unholy terror. We ought to be able to look a hundred different ways at once, but, great though the need, we have not yet progressed far enough along the lines of evolution to have acquired even the rudiments of an extra optic or two. Until, then, we are sufficiently equipped in this respect, the erratic driver of motor vehicles must sternly be repressed.

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Extra Excitement and Whisky.

Besides, it must not be supposed that one's powers of street navigation are affected only by absolute inebriety. A little extra excitement, induced by a little extra whisky, is quite sufficient to do the trick. The chauffeur, therefore, ought to be extremely circumspect throughout duty hours. Otherwise there may be cases of not merely converting superannuated cab-horses into food for felines, but of manslaughter, with consequent penalties that have nothing to do with second divisions.

* * *

It isn't safe for any man in such a responsible position to worship at the shrine of Bacchus during the hours of his association with the steering wheel. He may think he knows his drinking limit, and he may not exceed what he supposes that limit to be. But the limit varies. It's never two days alike. What would not turn a hair to-day might mean "wigs on the green" to-morrow. At least, so I have been told. Please do not imagine it is the voice of experience that speaketh.

* * *

Mr Bottomley's Graceful Retirement.

The strenuous Mr. Bottomley was well advised to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds when he did. It is most unlikely that he, in any case, would have retained his seat until the next General Election, and a graceful retirement "all off his own bat", was decidedly preferable to a resignation that might have been necessitated by untoward circumstances.

* * *

Now that he has severed his connection with parliamentary life, it is to be hoped that we shall not hear quite so much about that wonderful "business government", ideal of his. Party politics may present certain disadvantages, but the evil—if an evil it be—is unavoidable. Mr. Bottomley might cast all the existing political parties into his "business government" crucible, and within four-and-twenty hours the resulting amalgam would disintegrate into parties anew. There's nothing in heaven above, or on earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth that could prevent it. Mr. Bottomley knows that, too, as well as any other man knows it; but persistent reference, in forum and Press alike, to the want of business methods in Parliament, and to the unsolvable sin of government by party, is a good card to play in the game of notoriety.

* * *

And what about the egregious "John Bull League"! The resonant trumpets that at its inception sent it merrily on its way with such a jubilant flourish seem to be tootling rather feebly just now. As a self-advertising scheme it was really great, and for that reason alone it deserved some appreciation to permanence; but as a factor in the campaign against cant and humbug and hypocrisy it is as powerless as it is pretentious.

* * *

Besides, there's something sound in the good old adage that practice should accord with preaching. Reform, too, like charity, ought to begin at home.

* * *

Defending Picture Palaces.

Why all this outcry of late against the Sunday opening of picture palaces? Even if they were closed, neither church nor chapel would be the gainer. Why, then, seek to shut them up? They do no harm to anyone—no more, at all events, than is done on week-day. If, for instance, they have a tendency to teach the young idea how to burgle, or to simulate the coin of the realm with spurious counterfeits, that is a matter which can be remedied without involving the question of Sunday closing. Indeed, the one has absolutely nothing to do with the other.

* * *

The picture palace can be, and very often is, a beneficially educative medium, as well as a place of innocent fun and genuine amusement. Why should education and amusement be divorced from the first day of the week? Because, we are told, when the picture palace is the channel of supply, it involves labour, and Sunday labour is a Scripture-breaking iniquity.

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The Sabbatarian Fanatic's Blunder.

That latter statement is one of the most egregious blunders the Sabbatarian fanatic ever made. The Decalogue commands the Saturday to be hallowed, and there isn't a single word, from the first in Genesis to the last in Revelation, which authorises the substitution of the Sunday. Consistency demands that the Sabbatarian should observe the Sabbath. But he doesn't. He works on it, in direct defiance of the Mosaic prohibition, and rests on a day which lies outside the scope of the primeval command. It would be interesting to know what defence he can set up in self-justification.

* * *

But even if he could prove his contention right up to the hilt—namely, that the duty of Sabbath-observance has been transferred, by competent authority, from the last day of the week to the first—it still would be absurd of him to maintain that the twentieth century Sunday is to be observed with that rigid exactness of abstention which characterised the Sabbath of the Old Dispensation.

For the masses, Sunday is—or, at any rate, ought to be—a day of rest and recreation, and only such work should be done on it, ordinarily, as is needful, on the day itself, for the comfort and general well-being of the community. But no such work as that should be prohibited; and hence, as the Sunday opening of picture palaces makes for the public weal, whatever work is entailed thereby is completely justified.

* * *

The Reason of the Objection.

The Sabbatarian jibs at picture shows on Sundays because he doesn't go to them on week-days even. He doesn't usually denounce Sunday trains and trams and 'buses, because they're useful in conveying him to his little Bethel. And it's extremely doubtful whether he scruples to avail himself of the early matutinal services of the Sabbath milkman. His Sunday denunciations are directed against things that have no attraction for him, either then or at any other time.

* * *

One thing, however, is very certain—the picture palace has come to stay, and on the Sabbath, too. Those who now denounce its being opened on Sundays will one day run Sunday picture shows of their own. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert, the burning of Joan of Arc, Luther incinerating the Pope's bull, and such like subjects will be found a potent means of keeping their flocks together, and, after the manner of Balaam of old, they'll bless what now they curse.

* * *

Southend Council and the Bathers.

Stiggins and Co. are to the fore again at Southend-on-Sea. Mackintosh bathing is threatened with suppression by the local Council. Residents and visitors living on the sea front have hitherto been in the habit—apparently quite an innocent one—of going down to the water with their bathing costumes covered with mackintoshes or bath-gowns, and returning after their dip veiled modestly in the same garments. The Council, however, seems to have discovered some lurking evil in the habit; and it is now proposed to introduce a regulation to the effect that between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m., bathing shall take place exclusively from machines and tents.

* * *

If the new regulations are passed, too, there will be no mixed bathing; a distance of at least twenty-five yards separating the sexes (above the tender age of ten) when in the water.

* * *

There may be some grave danger—though it is difficult to see where it is—in a man and maid of eleven years each splashing the Southend ocean over each other; but, on the whole, it looks very much as though the civilisation of Southend-on-Sea were progressing backwards.

* * *

Needed Tests for Swing-Boats.

While on the subject of amusements, the common-sense man would prefer local authorities to leave off straining at the gnat of such harmless customs as mixed bathing before crowds of people, and to give serious consideration to a really dangerous institution—the swing-boats without which no fair is complete.

* * *

Every year there is a heavy toll of serious casualties, throughout the country, from people falling out of these swings when moving rapidly through the air; and at the moment of writing an unknown man is lying in a precarious condition in a Leicester hospital suffering from a fractured skull through falling out of a swing boat. Here is a crying need for immediate and rigorous legislation.

* * *

Either the "swing boat" should be abolished—and it is doubtful whether this would be any great national calamity—or every such boat should be fitted with straps to hold its occupants securely. And in the latter case, all swing-boats should be submitted to frequent and searching tests by Government inspectors.

MONEYLENDING VULTURES.

AN EXPOSURE OF THE METHODS OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS.

In the Bankruptcy Court recently, a man who was being examined was heard to remark that he wished he had never seen the advertisement of a certain moneylender in London, and, further, he stated that his undoing was entirely due to the borrowing of money at exorbitant interest. Doubtless what was true in his case is true in many others also; certain it is, that once in the clutches of these "sharks," it is almost impossible to break free.

Threat to Inform an Employer.

The advertisements are so temptingly worded as to be misleading to the average man. Take this one for instance, "Money advanced without security: £5 to £500, on note of hand." Now, on the face of it, the whole thing is absurd, for is it not obvious that anyone, short of a lunatic, lending, say, £100, would require some security. The advertisement also states that the rate of interest charged will be merely nominal. This is also a catch phrase, for in the majority of cases the interest is very high.

I remember not long ago a young clerk in a large warehouse, who, finding himself temporarily embarrassed, and not caring to approach his friends, borrowed from a certain moneylender of the Jewish fraternity. He complained that the interest was very high, but the Jew only shrugged his shoulders, and said that if he did not care to accept the loan under those terms, he could not transact the business. The young man finally agreed to the conditions, but after paying regularly for some months asked for a week's grace. He was met with the reply that unless he settled within twenty-four hours the head of his firm would be told.

Whether this threat would have been actually carried out it is impossible to say, since the amount was paid.

Posing as Benevolent Individuals.

It is quite time that some check was put upon these spurious advertisements which gull so many ignorant people and put them in a position from which they find it very difficult to extricate themselves. The "sharks" of the moneylending profession pose as benevolent individuals who are willing to accommodate persons in pecuniary difficulties. But more often than not they are after money, in the shape of fees and exorbitant interest.

Not only do these moneylenders require security, but if you will not provide it to their entire satisfaction, they refuse to make the advance. Nor is this all; supposing you apply to another firm, you will probably find that they will not have anything to do with the matter, and you will wonder why. You need not search far for a reason; the fact is this, the man you applied to first of all, finding that you would not give the security he required, entered your name in his "black" book, and as this book is open to the scrutiny of his colleagues, the second firm you applied to communicated with the first, and, learning that security was not forthcoming, treated you with scant courtesy.

Not Difficult to Arrange Overdraft.

If you must borrow money, go to a well-known and reputable firm, or, better still, go to your banker and put the facts before him. Under ordinary circumstances it is not difficult to arrange for an overdraft, and the interest charged upon this varies, but is generally reckoned to be about 1 per cent. above bank rate. This, it will be seen, is a far preferable method of arranging a loan than going to moneylenders. It may be that this use of a banker is not known to some people, but is a common procedure with some companies, and many business men.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF LIES

White lies are still worn. They have been largely seen at afternoon teas and bridge parties.

There is a greater variety of matimonial lies than ever. They come in all colours, ranging from the dark brown to the long green. Some of the most popular are seen about two in the morning in the front hall. While there are some new effects, as a general rule the men stick to the same old styles, varying them to suit their individual requirements.

Scientist's Inhuman Experiment:

Strangest Voyage I Ever Made.

By ROBERT OVERTON.

I was out of a job and wanted a ship; and as I hung about the hot quay-side and wharves of Hobart Town, Tasmania, no doubt I "signified the same in the usual manner."

At all events, the man who walked straight up to me one morning with the abrupt question, "Looking out for a berth?" quite evidently took it for granted that I *was* looking out for a berth.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"What's your rating?"

"I have a chief mate's ticket. Are you engaging a crew, sir?"

"I'm going to. I've bought the *Southern Cross* for a yachting cruise."

He glanced towards the beautiful schooner-rigged little vessel lying alongside.

"Come aboard!"—and off we walked without further to-do.

Down in the cabin he did the honours of his craft right royally—but always restlessly: nor did he allow hospitality to check business.

"Now listen to me as intelligently as you have spoken to me," he said.

I did listen, and as he got fairly under way I held my breath with excitement—and, truth to tell, with something very much like horror.

"I am a scientist," explained my prospective employer. "I am called a professor—I call myself a student, and my study is Man. Years ago, after long groping in the dark for light on the mystery of man's origin and destiny, the diversities of race and language, and similar fascinating but baffling problems, I became convinced that only in practical experiment could be found the key to fuller knowledge.

"I was in Australia—the leader of a small scientific expedition into the interior, sent out from Europe. Five hundred miles further inland than ever a white man had then penetrated—I speak of twenty years ago—I found among a tribe of the lowest class of aborigines a young girl absolutely deaf and dumb. She was admirably fitted for the purpose I had formed—she had never spoken, never heard, and the intelligence of her tribe didn't rise to any systematic method of communication by signs, merely animal-like gestures being all they were capable of in that direction.

"I looked at him in the light of the lantern he held in his hand."

"The girl wouldn't come willingly, and it wasn't possible to explain to her, or argue with her; so I brought her away by force, and lodged her in Melbourne for six months. At the end of that time I succeeded in finding the *man* I wanted—a deaf mute who was serving a life sentence for an interestingly horrible and cold-blooded murder. Like the woman, he had never had either speech or hearing; but, unlike her, he was quick at sign-reading and communication. I explained my scheme to him, and he fell in with it at once.

"I aided him to effect his escape—in fact, I effected it for him.

"I had had a fast-sailing sloop in readiness for some weeks beforehand. I hurried my two subjects on board, and sailed west for the Pacific. . . .

"I found the uninhabited island I wanted—as far from the track of ships as from any other land, except for some barren coral reefs forty miles to the south of it; cut off from all the world, but prolific in the means for sustaining animal life.

"On this island I landed stores of every kind, beasts and birds in pairs, and my couple of deaf-mutes—man and wife—a new Adam and a new Eve in a new Paradise.

"On one point I am glad to be certain—so low in the mental scale was the black girl's brain that her consort would never be able to teach her to talk with the hands; to say nothing of the fact that he would have had to invent an alphabet for her.

"All having gone well, they are on the island now, with, I hope, a numerous family.

"What will their children be like—in physique, in their ideas of a Deity? Above all, will they speak? If so, to what known language will their speech have any traceable resemblance?

"Long before this, I meant to have revisited the island, of which I have my own chart, by means of which I can find my way. But other subjects have interested me, other experiments have absorbed me; and after all it is better, that I did not go before, for the results of my scheme are likely to be all the more complete for the lapse of time. I am going now, aboard this yacht. I am going means are ample. She will be well-found in every respect. shall ship a picked crew. shall be captain as well owner—but I want a second command, a sailing-master.

"I judge men quickly. You are young, but you will do. Will you come?"

A thought that had been in my mind almost ever since my strange companion began his strange story forced itself to the top of my reflections. Was this man mad?

I looked at him intently. No, he was not mad, whatever he was.

As to the morality of the awful "experiment" he had spoken of so complacently—almost proudly—it was obvious that he was incapable of feeling any qualms of conscience; to him there was nothing revolting, nothing sinful, about it. He was evidently a man who would jeopardise, or deliberately sacrifice, anything and anybody, himself certainly included, in what was to him, the sacred cause of science.

"What a voyage!" he murmured, as to himself. "Was ever a voyage a purpose so full of possibilities, so strange, or half so fascinating?"

His enthusiasm was contagious. I felt my blood tingling. Why should I not fall in with his proposal? To join him now would be more like going to the rescue of the marooned couple than bearing a hand in the crime of their banishment.

With his flashing black eyes turned full on my face, he asked for the second time:

"Will you come with me?"

"Yes," I said.

* * *

Those eyes of his glistened—and so did mine—as the yacht began to show us what she could do in a sea-way. Her owner set a sou'-easterly course from Hobart, from which I assumed that he meant to round the South Isle of New Zealand.

It was soon clear to me that, though not a sailor, Professor Hurleymont possessed more than a superficial theoetical knowledge of things nautical, and in time the *Southern* 'ross sighted the reefs which her owner had described as lying orty miles south of the island. From this point our course was lear—and the excitement of Professor Hurleymont now beame almost uncontrollable. It communicated itself to everyody on board. Although I alone had been taken fully nto his confidence, it was generally known that something nsual was "up," and that the island we were going to as expected to provide a sensation. Until he landed on hat island, Hurleymont never once left the deck, and arcely once my side, from the moment that his eager ars had heard the cry of "reefs ahead."

With the quick fall of a dark night and the rising of the ind, I should have shortened sail but for his insistence hat we should clap on more. The proximity of that strip f land, now less than thirty miles north of us, made him gain as masterful as ever. We staggered ahead in the ackness under all the yacht could carry.

"I must land in the morning, Anderson," the Professor ept on declaring; "I must land with the light."

"You won't land at all if you don't take in soon," I told im presently; and only just in time I had my own way. should have been too late at that if I hadn't called up the atch from below to lay more hands aloft.

Just as the schooner began to ride more easily, but before man had descended, startled voices hailed the deck.

"Light ahead!"

A dull red flare shone in the black distance—how far off was impossible to estimate. Hurleymont and I had seen almost at the same moment as the men aloft, and the rmer was asking me:

"What's that light in the sky? Is it meteoric?"

"No," I said; "it's burning too long without movement be that."

"A vessel ablaze?"

"No; there's too much fire in the sky and not enough the water line for a ship aflame. Whatever that light sir, according to my reckoning, it's burning on your land, ten knots away."

"If it is on land at all, it can only be on the island," agreed.

"Then it must be a beacon signal *from* the island," I azarded. "And if so those poor afflicted 'subjects' of urs must know how to build up a spanking big bonfire."

I looked at him in the light of the lantern he ld in his hand. That hand was trembling. I thought en, and have believed ever since, that already the knowdge had come to him that came to us all later—that eady he knew the cause of the light that now we saw a tle clearer, and that was gradually filling a larger space the darkness.

For half-an-hour the schooner held on her slackened ay.

"Can you make anything more of it, Anderson?"

"Only that it isn't so steady as it was. Watch it, and u'll see a shake in it."

The men I had summoned from below had remained ove with their fellows. Sudden exclamations of alarm oke out from all the scattered groups on deck. Drops re falling on our hands and faces—falling fast and thick liquid drops—drops of rain, but rain that stung and alded.

As we steered out of the awful shower, it seemed to pursue , easing only when we had sailed so far on a westward ck that the glow which had loomed ahead of us lay now our starboard quarter; and we saw in the peep-o'-day—an land on fire!

From three conical-shaped hills belched white smoke and d flame. Streams of lava rolled down on the table-lands neath, a surface of ashes and cinders.

I steered myself the boat that rowed Professor Hurleyont around "his island." With him I landed. All that d been beautiful on it, all forms of life—vegetable, imal, and it may be human existence—were buried out sight for ever. We could see from the first ascent we mbed that the desolation was complete—no part of any ot could have escaped. For some years those devasting fires must have been burning. For as many more ey might continue to burn, and until long after they ould have ceased no blade of grass would grow again, flower bloom—no living thing creep, or run, or fly, or eathe, from shore to shore of those arid acres of death—e sepulchre of a scientist's inhuman experiment and its happy subjects: unhappy in all save that they died.

We parted where we had met—on the quayside of Hobart own.

PLAYING FOR A DRAW.

WHAT A "COPY" HUNTER OVERHEARD IN A PAVILION.

The crack batsman of the Little Mugford team had fallen a scoreless victim to the visitors in the very first over he had received. Seated on a bench in the pavilion, he was now offering his excuses to his sympathetic skipper, the while he tugged at the straps of his pads. At least, so it seemed to the reporter of the Little Mugford "Eagle," who scenting "copy" over the crack's sensational downfall, had followed hard on the latter's heels as he had wended his disconsolate way from pitch to pavilion.

"As Blatchford was saying to me the other evening," said the skipper, "when you can't stop 'em, it's not an atom of good trying to pull 'em—not an atom. Get 'em away by *coaxing*. Mere wrist work—that's what any man who knows his game will tell you."

Afraid of the Slips.

"That's just what he told me," replied the crack, "but then they break so confoundedly. That's what makes me so nervy. Besides, it's not only that; it's the slips I'm afraid of. Even the best man ——"

"Yes, yes; I know," interrupted the other. "Everybody's nerves get upset sometime or other. However, don't think about it any more," he added sympathetically, "but follow my advice next time."

The crack nodded moodily.

"All the same, that fellow is an absolute marvel," he said. "Seems to find your stumps by instinct."

The skipper nodded his head in agreement.

"Yes; they tell me he came down with a thumping big reputation from one of the London hospitals. He was always put on when anything like a determined resistance was expected." And he lit a cigarette, and put it between the lips of the hope of Little Mugford.

The crack nodded his thanks, and commenced to unfasten his batting-gloves.

"I *do* feel an ass," he said plaintively, "but I tell you candidly that from the moment I faced him I was in the bluest of blue funks. As soon as ever I saw his arm go up I felt like jumping out and attempting to run. But before I had time to act his hand shot forward, there was a quick turn of the wrist, and he was shouting 'Out! out!' like an excited schoolboy."

"And then?"

The crack laughed quietly.

Resolved to take Advice.

"Ah; and then! Then, my boy," and he rose, tossing his discarded pads into an unoccupied corner, and his gloves into a locker, "I resolved to take your advice next time. If I had only taken it to-day, my nerves would not have been torn to rags, and I should not have been out third ball."

"Well, you've got some pluck," said the skipper, patting the other's back. "I'm bothered if I could let Blatchford, or, for the matter of that, the most skilful man in London, extract an old stump of mine without gas or cocaine, or something. Hello, Bailey's out! Where's my bat? I'm next man in."

And the reporter of the "Eagle" crossed out his *precis* of the conversation, and rapidly sought the refreshment tent.

ASHLEY STERNE.

DISGUSTED THE CONGREGATION.

Pilson, the village grocer, and his better half were on a visit to their son and heir, the captain of the school cricket club, upon the occasion of the school sports, and the events not being over till dusk, Pilson, jun., prevailed on his parents to stay till Monday.

The worthy son, the next morning (Sunday), accompanied his parents to the village church, where Pilson, sen., thoroughly disgusted the congregation by joining in the singing and chants with a voice which almost drowned the organ.

Pilson, jun., was furious. So after church he said: "Dad, I hope when you come again to church, you'll just sing a bit lower. Everybody in the church was giggling at you."

"It's all right, my son; it couldn't be 'elped," said Pilson, sen., quite seriously. "You see, if I hadn't 'ighered my voice, they'd a 'eard your mother."

TOM ELMORE'S BEGGAR:

Story of a Government Works Appointment.

By DAVID WALLACE.

"Come on, old man, there's another day coming," said Bob Chalmers, struggling into his overcoat. "It's a good bit past six now. The missus'll be along in a minute to see if you're going home to-night."

"Just a minute, Bob," said the other, slowly, turning from the desk. "Hello, are we the only two left? By jove, it must be late. Look here, though, Bob," he added, "turning back to his desk, "if I leave this blessed thing I'll never get it finished to-morrow, and the Boss is in a terrible hurry for it. Wait a couple of minutes."

"Two minutes and two only," answered the other, dropping into an easy chair in the office, and leisurely commencing to fill his pipe.

Bob Chalmers and Tom Elmore were very friendly. Both being in the same office and living in the same district, they saw much of each other. While Chalmers stayed with his mother, Tom was a married man, carrying all the responsibilities of a house of his own. They were engaged in the engineering and shipbuilding line in the works of Messrs. Beadsmore, who were at this time the largest Government contractors existing. Both men had lately been kept busy sketching roughly for approval the new and much improved design of a long-distance gun, which the Admiralty were keen on trying. None of the other draughtsmen had been allowed to work at it, and the discussion of the various points was a never-ending source of conversation for the two men. In ten minutes time they had everything stowed up, the safes all carefully locked, and were on their way home.

"Wonder who'll come out on top to-morrow, Tom," said Chalmers as they walked along. "A jolly good thing the boss putting this Southampton job out for examination."

"Yes, Bob, I think it was the fairest way of deciding it. At any rate, I feel that neither you nor I would have a ghost of a chance otherwise," Elmore replied.

"Which means, I take it, that you think we have a ghost of a chance as it is?" laughingly queried the other.

"Well, I know we both entered for it in the hope that we would get it, and I know one fellow who won't be beaten till he hears the result," added Elmore.

"Good old Tom," said Bob Chalmers, "your courage does a fellow good."

"Glad to hear it, Bob; but here's your car, I think," said Elmore. "Good luck to you to-morrow."

"Jolly good luck to you, Tom," said the other, shaking hands as the car stopped. "I don't think either of us will be jealous of the other getting it."

"Not so long as one of us gets it," and they both laughed heartily.

Tom walked along smartly towards home, after leaving his friend, thinking of his chances of the new promotion. It meant so much to him, being a married man. The increase in salary which would come would be a big thing to him.

"Beg pardon, sir, but could you help an old man?"

He turned round smartly and almost overturned an old man standing at his side.

"Hello, old chap. I nearly had you over that time," said Tom. "Was it you who spoke to me?"

"Yes, sir. Could you help an old man? I've seen the day when I was young like you, but these days are far off."

No beggar ever appealed to Tom Elmore in vain, and catching the old man under the arm, he said "Will you come round home with me, it's just up the street a bit, and I think my wife will get you something to eat."

The old man mumbled his thanks, and went. The meal passed off all right, amidst Tom's laughing suggestions of life in Southampton a month hence. After they had eaten to their heart's content, Tom drew his chair over to the fire, and the old man followed.

"Have a cigarette?" said Tom, "and then I'm afraid you must clear out, as I've a deuced lot of work to do."

They smoked on and Tom looked the old fellow up and down. He seemed a decent man, but his clothes were scarcely the latest fashion.

"What were you?" queried Tom.

The old man looked up. "I was na engineer's draughtsman," he replied, feebly, "the same as yourself."

"The same as me," said Tom, surprised, "who told you I was a draughtsman?"

"I—oh, I heard you speak of Southampton, and I thou —well, it's all engineering and so on down there," he en lamely.

"Oh, I see," said Tom dryly.

"You're not angry, sir?" asked the beggar.

"No, but you should close your ears to what you're supposed to hear. However, it's about time you w going, I think."

The old chap seemed to take no notice of the hint lingered on, gazing into the fire.

Tom was still looking at him, wondering what to m of him, when the old beggar looked up slowly, and af gazing about, fixed his eye on a spot on the ceiling.

"I was just thinking," he said, whiningly, "if some formation I got yesterday would be of any good to you

"Any good to me," said Tom, "I don't understand yo What was the information? Hurry up."

"Don't be angry, young sir, I'm only an old man, bu heard you speak of promotion, and I was glad to hear i

"But what has that to do with you?" Tom queried.

"Nothing, sir, but I believe from what I heard, that y are at Government work," the old man seemed to wake, here, "and I thought if I told you this information, might change your mind."

"Well, let's have it out, and don't take all night abo it."

"I was in a public-house yesterday," the old man co tinued, "and I overheard two gentlemen talking. Th were talking of a new invention the Government were t ing. They were anxious, I think, to get to know somethi about it, as they were talking pretty loudly of giving a of money for it, but it didn't interest me, as I didn't be all their talk."

"You old rogue," burst out Tom, unable to control hi self any longer, "you are actually sitting at my own firesi finding out if I am to be bribed into giving away my em ployers' secrets? This is my thanks for giving you a meal

"But, sir, you haven't heard all I have to say," inte rupted the old man.

"No, nor I don't intend to. See that door there—if you' not outside it in two minutes, old man as you are, I wi feel it necessary to throw you out.

* * * *

Next morning Tom turned up at the office as usual "Good morning, Tom," shouted Bob Chalmers, "Get hom all right last night?"

"Yes, Bob," he replied, "Did you?" Before Bob had time to answer Tom said, "I had the queerest experience last night with an old beggar fellow that I picked up."

"Governor wants to see you at once, Mr. Elmore," shouted the office boy. Tom hurried towards the room oc cupied by the "old Boss," as the fellows termed him. He knocked at the door, "Come in," from within, and Tom found himself before the chief.

"Good morning, Mr. Elmore, sit down. I am pleased to be able to tell you that you have been appointed by the directors to the post of chief at our works in Southampton."

"Then, sir, my papers have evidently been best."

"Well, I wouldn't just say that. It's like this. You and another were about equal. Some points you were better, and some points he was best, and as a total, I think you were equal. I was undecided until that reception you gave me last night, and that decided me."

"What reception, Mr. Osram?" said Tom, then quickly added, "You weren't the beggar, sir?" But he wasn't heard for the laughter of Mr. Osram.

"Why not, Elmore?" he said in a little while, "didn't I impersonate the beggar well enough?"

"Yes, I'm afraid you did," answered Tom. "You man aged to deceive me all right."

Tom walked out of the office feeling as if he were tread ing on air. What a laugh he would have at his wife's ex pense. He wished it was evening.

"Hello, Tom," said Bob Chalmers, "What about your queer old beggar last night?"

He turned round slowly and looked at his friend. "Oh, I've forgotten what is was now. Some fairy tale, likely, I was going to spin."

THE OBJECT OF GOLF:

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF THE POPULAR GAME.

Golf is a game . . . at first. The object of the game is to give you something to brag about afterwards. The principle underlying golf is to make a tiny white ball subservient to your will. It is really rather a cowardly game.

Not to take an interest in golf argues mental insufficiency. The South Sea Islanders, for instance, are not a golfing race, and you'd hardly call them well educated people, would you? Besides, I believe it's unlucky to neglect golf. The Early British did not play golf, and look at them now—all dead!

Keeping Company with a Ball.

Golf may be described as a zig-zag progression in an effort to keep company with a ball. You play the game with a circular lump of indiarubber, a bag of sticks, a pair of striking stockings, and a few million tons of earth untidily distributed over a wide surface.

Also, you have a handicap, but that, like baldness, is a thing that comes later. You are given a handicap one day so that you shall be deceived into thinking you have a chance of winning the club medal in a remote future. People practice golf for one of two reasons—to reduce their handicap or to reduce their weight. Some people have a handicap of eighteen strokes and some have a handicap of eighteen stone.

My handicap is 84, but then, of course, I've been playing several years now.

The fat-headed stick is called a driver because you drive with it; but you don't mash with the mashie.

A Frown and the Caddie.

However, having addressed the ball and moved your feet about, you raise your driver carefully, and then frown at your caddie for not holding his breath—this always looks a swagger thing to do, and the caddie doesn't really mind, because he's paid for it. Besides, his turn will come later on—and that reminds me, I do think all caddies ought to undergo some operation which will prevent them from ever sniffing again.

To resume—having hit the ball, sooner or later—you proceed to walk after it. This is the easiest part of the game. I myself am very good at this. And I'm very lucky, too; somehow I never have to walk very far.

Next you take an approach shot. Your caddie gives you an iron-shod stick for this. You smite the ball, twist with mental anguish, and say "Odamthebunker." Then you endeavour to foster the impression that some malicious person must have thrown down that bunker on that very spot just as you were taking your whack.

Dirty Work with the Mashie.

Now for dirty work with the mashie. You chop with it at the ball for awhile. Having at last coerced it over the bunker, you find it has fallen into a gorse bush.

This is the best part of the game—for the onlooker. Remember that he sees most of the game, and he is bound to spot you when you give the . . . exasperating . . . ball a little kick with your heel.

Ultimately you get on the green, and there you play a sort of tame croquet till your ball rolls disgustedly into a hole.

Then you repeat the entire process again seventeen more times—and that's golf.

You can be "dormy" on the links, but I don't know what it means, because it has never happened to me.

There is a man who sits on the clubhouse steps. He is a professional golfer. He gives you lessons. You pay him money, and he shows you how easily he can hit a ball.

The Artistic Fisherman.

There is an idea that golfers use bad language. Honestly, I can aver that very rarely have I heard a man say even "Dash!" when he misses the ball, and never—no, never—have I heard anyone say "Oh—tut!" on breaking his stick.

By the way, golfers and fishermen do not get on well together. And yet they have a common talent. On the whole, though, I think fishermen are the more artistic. I suppose they have more time to think out their details.

Lastly, I would mention that there's a man named Colonel Bogey going about playing golf. He seems to have played on all the golf links in the country. I've never met the man, but I think he's a bit of a fibber, anyway.

F. M. H.

DOG LORE AND LINGO:

SOME TERMS USED IN DISCUSSING POINTS.

It may come as a surprise to most dog-lovers to learn that their pet is designated by naturalists as a "fissiped, digitigrade animal, descended from two species of wolves—one termed 'Canis latrans' and the other 'Canis lupus.'"

Fissiped and digitigrade, I make haste to explain, mean nothing more extraordinary than that a doggie has separate toes, and that it walks on these toes and not on its heels!

That the dog is a member of the wolf family seems to be a fairly well-authenticated statement. One principal argument in its favour is that when the dog and the wolf interbreed the progeny is not sterile like the majority of hybrids. Mr. Jack London has dealt with this subject in his "White Fang," the most enthralling novel of animal life ever written.

Nearly Two Hundred Varieties.

But, whatever his origin, the dog possesses all those qualities which win the regard of man.

The Kennel Club registers sixty-two varieties of dogs; but naturalists have distinguished almost two hundred.

Fresh varieties, however, are continually being "manufactured" by the skilful breeder. The popular breed of Irish terrier, for example, dates only from 1870. One of the greatest feats of modern dog culture was performed in the sixties by a Captain Graham, of Gloucestershire. This gentleman actually succeeded in reviving the Irish wolfhound, a species of dog extinct for centuries. The whippet was evolved by the crossing of a terrier and two different breeds of greyhound.

Collie Sells for £1500.

Dog-breeding is a remunerative occupation, and improved varieties of existing species as well as entirely new breeds often fetch very high prices. A collie, for instance, has been sold for £1,500, and a bulldog for £700.

A man who attends dog shows, either as a spectator or as an exhibitor, should be acquainted with the principal terms used by dog fanciers in discussing a dog's points. Here are those sanctioned by long usage.

A dog is said to be "cloddy" when stoutly built, "cobby" when compactly built, "sorty" when of good caste and breeding, "snipy" when possessed of a fox-like muzzle, "reachy" when long, "slab-sided" when the ribs lack curvature or are not sufficiently "sprung," and "pily-coated" when the coat is woolly.

What Constitutes a Dish Faced.

The tail of a collie is termed a brush, that of a setter a flag, and that of a foxhound the stern.

Ears are button-eared when the points hang downwards, and close the orifice. They are rose-eared when the points first turn backwards, disclosing the inside of the ear, and then slightly taper downwards. When the ears are erect, or upright, they are designated tulip ears.

The white streak running up the forehead is termed a blaze. A feather is a fringe of hair on the back of the legs. A frill is a luxuriant growth of hair on the breast. The long hair round the collar and neck is a ruff.

A round head is known as an apple-head, a round foot as a cat foot, a spotted nose as a butterfly nose.

That part of the head in front of the eyes is the face. When the muzzle is turned up and higher than the face, the dog is said to be dish-faced.

When a Dog is Undershot.

If a dog's eyes are small and sunken they are spoken of as pig eyes. The red, exposed part of the under eyelid is the haw.

An arched back is a roach back, but when an arched back is high at the loins and low at the shoulders and quarters it becomes a wheel back.

When the upper jaw projects beyond the lower, the dog is overshot or frog-faced, and when the lower jaw extends beyond the upper the dog is undershot.

J. J. M.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

20.—THE FRAUD OF A PIECE OF PAPER.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

It will be remembered that I started life in the office of old Simon Zebedec, the "shady" Jew solicitor who was never found out, and from whom I picked up my earliest and some of my best "tips" in the philosophy and practice of fraud. He was so clever himself that he ought to have appreciated my cleverness in doing him down for a bit—instead of which (as you may recollect) he kicked me out.

Out to Levy Blackmail.

I never thought to enter a solicitor's office as a clerk again, but I did take on such a job for a month or two. I had an idea of abusing my position for the purpose of levying blackmail, or I shouldn't have taken it. For particulars of the actual use I did make of the opportunity that this second and briefer clerkship of mine threw in my way, "read on."

The firm was a very different one from that of Zebedec, Messrs. Markerson, Markerson and Bice being among the most respectable of all the respectable lawyers of the city of London.

Their respectability would have bored me to death if I had stayed with them much longer. Their business was of the old-fashioned confidential family-adviser type, and in the case of most of their clients the connection was an hereditary one on both sides. Among the oldest names on their books—I soon started in to ferret up the secrets of the house—was that of the Burneyfell family, of Burneyfell Moat, Suffolk.

Forged Certificate of Character.

The present squire, Norman Burneyfell, at the time I got into Markersons', by the easy aid of an "excellent, though forged" certificate of character, was in trouble—a trouble other than that of the recent bereavement betokened by the black edging of his letter paper and his sartorial insignia of mourning.

The trouble was that his daughter, heiress and only child, Constance Patricia Burneyfell—big names for a poor little schoolgirl of not very much more than sixteen—had been decoyed from the swagger college where her education was being "finished." The circumstances were as bad as they could be. The man who had taken her away—it was a nocturnal elopement affair of the penny novelette kind—was a cashiered Army subaltern; and he hadn't married her. His name was known, his antecedents had been dragged into the light—and certainly the antecedents of Lieutenant Noyle Hanton were about as thick with illicit adventures as they reasonably could be, considering that he was still a youngster.

Couple's Whereabouts Unknown.

The whereabouts of the couple were unknown—it was not even known whether he had deserted her yet.

Squire Burneyfell was in constant correspondence about it all with Markerson, senior, the head of the firm, and had repeatedly been up to town for personal consultations. Every rumour that reached his ears was followed by some action on his part, or on ours on his behalf and instructions.

I made a study of the case. As a matter of fact, there wasn't much to study, all the salient features standing out in clear relief; but I posted myself up in all the ins and outs, an acquaintance with which I had a vague idea I might hit on some plan of turning to account. The aggrieved father was rich, unbusinesslike, and half out of his bucolic mind with natural distress, the weight of the first blow having been made all the heavier by the subsequent death of his wife—it seemed to me there ought to be some way of making something out of him and his afflictions.

I had some difficulty in keeping in touch with the spondence, the governor keeping to himself the lett received and the copies of the letters he sent; but I ma it. The difficulty of overhearing the personal consult was at first insuperable, and I should never have cau word of what I did at last overhear had not the s open-air, fox-hunting countryman spoken in so ful strong a voice.

Money to Leave the Country.

"Blackguard as the man is, Markerson," he said, hateful as the thought of such an alliance must be t if you can find him and he'll marry my girl, I'll giv a thousand pounds to clear out of the country with. marriage would be at all events a more bearable dis than . . . than the present state of affairs. Le take her abroad with him, as his wife—and perhaps perhaps . . . in time to come, you know, I migh it in my heart to meet and receive them."

"I am afraid that money would not buy his co against his inclination, squire, for had he wanted ar would have offered to sell his name in matrimony before this. But if we can find him, you know I'll d utmost, if what you have expressed is really your wish

"It is my wish—if not for my own sake or my daugh it is my unalterable wish for her dead mother's sake. the scoundrel!" and Squire Burneyfell's fist crashed the table.

I heard no more. I had heard enough. I knew wh was going to do.

Throwing my mind back over the short period of clerkship in the office, I made it out as a practical certa that Norman Burneyfell had never seen me there—an had certainly never seen my handwriting. It was no of my duty to receive callers or answer inquiries at little window, and he had always been taken to Mr. M erson's room without passing through the general offic which I sat—in a corner whence I could observe wit being observed.

An "Agony" Column Advertisement.

I began by inserting an "Agony" advertisement i newspaper addressed to "N. B.," in which, after a cautious words, I played up to his family pride and hu feeling by hinting that his grandchild might be born a right to its father's name if the father of its mother w willing to buy it a patronymic. I flatter myself that th was a touch of genius in this suggestion that the worst going to happen, in the birth of an illegitimate scion of ancient house of the Burneyfells.

The day after the fourth appearance of this advertisem I knew that "N. B." had seen it. As I had been expect he would do, he wrote up (in an obviously agitated state mind) to old Markerson about it. Old Markerson repl that he would "prosecute immediate inquiries" as to identity and good faith of the advertiser. He began going in person to the newspaper office, where he w allowed to inspect the original of the "Agony." I suppo that, with his old-fashioned ideas, he had thought to g hold of some clue in the handwriting; but, needless to sa I had typed the thing—which was signed with the sing initial "H.," for Hanton. His second step was to inse an invitation to "H." to call on the firm.

Ready for the Grand "Coup."

Of this for ten days I took no notice. My object w to detach "N. B." from his legal advisers—for reasons th don't need definition. I knew that he would be eager a impatient, and they calm and less hurried; and the longe he was kept in suspense the readier he would be to ente into direct negotiations and relations with the other pro spective "high contracting party." After letting him ste for these ten days, I posted him a typed letter—at this stage I dared not write one word, "for fear of the Markersons. Now, in the circumstances, a typed communication would have aroused in the mind of any businesslike recipient sus picions that apparently never occurred to Burneyfell, for he responded—as I had told him to do—by an "Agony," in another paper, intimating his preparedness to deal without the intervention of any third party. Further secret corre spondence followed, and at last all was ready for my grand finale—the "coup" I had engineered with a cunning to which you have not yet tumbled.

On two points "N.B." stood firm. One mattered and the other didn't, except that it played right into my hands. He wouldn't spring on the one thousand. I tried him for three and dropped to two, but he stuck to the one. I was

...ppened at his penuriousness, until I reflected that it was ... an exhibition of the obstinacy of a typical English ...country gentleman, accustomed to having everything his ...wn way. He had said a thousand pounds, and a thousand ...pounds it would have to be. In the second place, he would ...not receive a visit from me at the Moat, or see his daughter ...at all—she had killed her mother, he remarked pathetically. ...I didn't want him, and hadn't asked him, to do either. As ...for his daughter, if he had gone on the opposite tack and ...insisted on seeing her, of course my game would have been ...up. He would come up to Liverpool Street, meet me in the ...waiting room, look at what I was to show him, settle with ...me in "short" notes, and go back by the next train. I ...to write to him after a time—after a time he would, ...might be, "receive" us both.

Pledged Himself to Secrecy.

He had pledged himself to regard our correspondence as ...strictly confidential; and after that pledge I did not fear ...to write him in my own hand. Whatever else he was, he ...was a sportsman: a sportsman is often pig-headed, but he's ...never a liar. Further, he had promised to meet me alone ...—adding that he wasn't anxious to introduce me to any-body.

The license for the solemnisation of a marriage between ...Hanton, bachelor, and Constance Patricia Burneyfell ...the inaccuracy that concealed the minority of the latter ...was punishable, but, of course, in no way invalidating) cost ...me only the usual small fee, for there was no need to ...make a "special" of it.

Arranging for a "Bride."

I picked up a bride in Piccadilly Circus—a merry creature ...whose terms for impersonating Constance Patricia in the ...presence of the Registrar next morning for a few minutes ...were very moderate. On what little I thought it necessary ...to tell her, she regarded the whole affair as a most excellent ...joke. She entered into the spirit of the thing, and thor-...oughly enjoyed the novel experience. So did the two ..."lady friends" she brought with her as witnesses, per ar-...rangement (inclusive). Their levity of demeanour was of ...no consequence. The Registrar made some remarks, but ...had no option but to sign the "marriage lines"—which ...was all I had any cause to care about.

The subsequent interview at the terminus of the Great ...Eastern Railway between "father-in-law" and "son-in-law" ...lasted ten minutes—the worst I ever had in my life. In ...silence unbroken by a single syllable, Squire Burneyfell read ...the certificate of accomplished marriage. In the same grim ...speechlessness he laid down ten notes of a hundred pounds ...each, taking care that his hand did not touch mine. In ...the same grim speechlessness he turned from me and stalked ...out of the waiting-room.

Away on the "Honeymoon."

It was well for me that there were others in that room. It ...was well for me that the meeting had not come off, ...as I had at one time anticipated, at some quiet spot in the ...country. He would have given me the thousand pounds ...for the same for his word's sake, and his pride's sake, and ...his motive's sake in the first instance; but I am sure he ...would have horsewhipped me first, and I think he would ...have killed me afterwards.

The brideless "honeymoon" was spent at Monte Carlo.

STUDENT AND A HORSE.

"If a man wants to encourage calamities that sometimes ...fall in miracles all he has to do is to send a son to ...college and present him with a motor-car," declared the ...father of a young man now in his second year at one of the ...universities.

"The boy of mine was likely to bankrupt me with his ...demands for money to pay damages to and by a machine until ...I informed him that in future he must cover all such expenses ...out of his allowance, which is about ten times what my ...father gave me when I went to college.

"For a time there wasn't a single demand from him, but ...then he sent me a telegram like this: 'Wire me £60 ...immediately. Have killed a man's horse.' Of course I ...had no option but to repeat, and finally telegraphed him: ...'Am extremely indignant. Will be on to-morrow to compromise.' ...I was at receiving within two hours this inexplicable reply: ...'Trouble to come. Horse recovering.'"

"FEATHERING."

THE ROWING BEGINNER'S CHIEF DIFFICULTY IN A NUTSHELL.

The average man who, like most of us, takes up rowing or sculling (which is the more popular form) fairly late in life—by which I mean the man who has not had the advantage of going to a rowing school or university, finds that his chief stumbling block is faulty "feathering."

Importance of Lowering the Wrists.

This is the turning of the blade parallel to the water so that it offers no more than its edge in resistance to the wind, as the sculler, for I am speaking chiefly of him, is swinging forward preparatory to another pull.

At the conclusion of the stroke, and simultaneously with the whipping-out of the blades from the water, the wrists should be lowered as far as possible. This, of course, brings the scull-blades flat over the water, and ensures, at the end of the swing forward, that the wrists may be raised again to dip the sculls, without making so great a strain as to cramp their play.

If the beginner, or the man who teaches himself, a by no means inconsiderable figure among up-river pleasure-seekers, will bear in mind the great importance of lowering his wrists as far as they will go with respect to the knuckles of the fist, it will not be long before he finds himself feathering in something very like form.

All this, of course, applies just as much to the oarsman as it does to the sculler.

Good Tip to the Advanced Amateur.

Here is a good tip to the more advanced amateur sculler. Let him watch a good professional, and he will see that the latter keeps his blades on the feather till he has, as nearly as makes no matter, got to the end of his swing forward. Then, in one blink of an eyelid they will be squared and dipped. This enables him to get an immeasurably better "grip" of the water than the amateur, who, as a rule, squares his blades much sooner, and dips them far more leisurely.

OLDEST WOODEN DOOR.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN BUILT FOR CHURCH 1,500 YEARS AGO.

The Dominican Order possesses in Rome two churches of great interest, Santa Maria Sopra Minerva in the heart of the city, and Santa Sabina on the Aventine.

The latter during the closing years of St. Dominick's life was his home and headquarters. But the church was already very ancient when he took up his abode there. It was built A.D.425, during the pontificate of St. Celestine.

Its founder is commemorated still in the original mosaic inscription dating from 431 on the western wall of the church, inside the entrance.

Where Women Viewed an Orange Tree.

Remains of the second church are to be seen in the western corridor, or cloister, where are a number of early inscriptions; on one side the original twisted columns of pavonazzetto still support the roof, on the other they have been replaced by granite. It was from a window in this cloister that women were allowed to look out upon St. Dominick's orange tree.

The entrance door of the church is so ancient that it is said to be the oldest wooden door in the world; as it dates partly from the fifth century, it may be supposed to have been the original door of the church built by Peter the Illyrian.

THE VALUE OF A YAWN.

Yawning may be, in fact it is, very impolite, but all the same the doctors declare that a good yawn is splendid healthy exercise for the lungs and throat. A distinguished throat specialist, in speaking of diseases of the throat and remedies, said that yawning is a valuable exercise and should be encouraged. Moreover, yawning has been recommended independently as a valuable exercise for the respiratory organs.

It is claimed that "yawning brings all the respiratory muscles of the chest and throat into action, and is, therefore, the best and most natural means of strengthening them. Persons are advised to yawn as deeply as possible, with arms outstretched, in order to change completely the air in the lungs and stimulate respiration.

MY NOTE BOOK.

TRIBUTE FROM "GLORIOUS DEVON."

I expect you have heard more than one person say: "Oh, dash the pen; it's simply awful." Personally, I have heard much stronger terms used, but no useful purpose will be served by setting them down here. Letter writing, or for that matter any kind of writing, is shorn of a good deal of its irksomeness by using a nice nib. *The Modern Man* pen is still going very strong, and, judging by the number of letters I receive, complete satisfaction seems to prevail. This week a Devonshire reader writes: "Your shilling pen is really marvellous value. I have another pen which cost a lot more, but the *M.M.* does all my work." After this, I can only say if you are in need, your course is clear.

I am pleased to say that cordial support has been given to Mr. Brockhunt's suggestion for a badge suitable for sewing on to a swimming or running costume, and I shall have more to say to my readers on the subject next week.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT AND A PARROT.

The article given last week under the heading of "Barking Gallants" was evidently read with keen interest by more than one reader, for I have received from correspondents other instances of canine intelligence, and P. H. B. (Leeds) has even sent along a parrot story, for the authenticity of which he vouches. I believe him, and am giving the story in his own words.—

"Not very long ago by a loud cry of 'Hello, ma,' and a glad recognition, a parrot established its identity and ownership and brought joy to the heart of its owner, a lady, from whom the bird had been stolen one afternoon.

"On the day Polly was missed, house-cleaning was going on in the home, and to keep the bird out of the dust the fair owner had set it in its cage on the front verandah. It sat there all the morning gazing with interest at the passers-by, and occasionally hurling jocular remarks at them, chuckling delightedly when they looked round.

"While the lady was in the house at dinner someone passed by. The parrot attracted his attention, and so much was the person delighted with the bird's intelligence that he walked upon the verandah and carried Polly away.

"Late in the afternoon, when the lady went out to take the bird into the house, it had vanished. The police were telephoned to, and instructions given for a keen look-out to be kept on all bird shops for the appearance of a bird answering Polly's description. There was no result, however, and the anxious owner then decided to canvas the bird shops herself.

"The morning was spent in a fruitless search, and in the afternoon the owner started out to pay a visit to a friend. On the way, a bird shop she had not been into caught her eye, and as a forlorn hope she got off the car and entered. As she crossed the threshold she heard a hoarse cry, 'Hello-ma!' and a great fluttering of wings.

"She told the proprietor of the shop that the bird was hers, and when he refused to give it up sought the aid of the police. It was not long before she established her ownership, and by paying the proprietor 10s., which he said he had paid a man for it, she departed with the bird straight away, Polly chuckling and chortling gleefully behind the cloth that was bound around its cage."

* * * *

A SONG FOR THE SCOUTS.

The Boy Scouts cannot say they haven't a song which does them real credit. Precentor Rynd, of Norwich Cathedral, has just given them one which should fairly make their young but stout hearts beat with pride. It is called "We are the Boys," and the words, full of fire and determination, have been set to swinging music. I would like to give the four verses, but must content myself with a portion of the first. It goes:

There's no need to look blue if a Scout is in view,
He is certain to lighten the load;
We are made of the stuff that is quite up to snuff,
Though we don't care to brag of our skill.
If you don't think we're worth a small place on the earth,
Then we hope that you jolly soon will.

HOW IT FEELS TO DROWN.

Lord Dunsany's experience when, [illegible] police constable, he made a gallant, but successful, attempt to save the Earl of [illegible]ley's valet from drowning in the Serpentine—the unfortunate fellow was thrown out of a skiff [illegible] a London evening paper the opportunity of extracting [illegible] a 1903 copy of the "Saturday Review" some interesting passages from an article on drowning by a clever writer of fantastic scenes. But, thanks to a friend, I am able to give an even more interesting account of "How it feels to be drown," inasmuch as the appended is not fancy, but fact.

In his book of reminiscences, "Quaker Campaigning in Peace and War," Mr. William Jones tells in a vivid manner how he was restored to life after having passed through all the varied experiences of the drowned, and follows it up by recounting, for the purpose of comparison, an account of the drowning sensations of Dr. Adam Clarke, the famous Biblical commentator.

At the time of his adventure, Mr. Jones was bathing off the Yorkshire coast, and, owing to the strong current, was carried out to sea. He says: "Finding myself becoming exhausted, I shouted to my young friend Edward Pease, who was much nearer the shore, to cry out for help, as I should be drowned. But there was no help forthcoming.

A man did at length venture in on a horse from the bathing machines, but his courage failed him when [illegible] found how deep was the sea where I was struggling, and how strong was the current. He then turned his horse's face to the shore, and left me to my fate, but had the good sense to gallop off for a doctor. By this time I was quite exhausted and was sinking fast, and in my struggles for breath, gulping much water. All hope of being saved was taken away when I saw the man on horseback ride from me, there being no boat nor any life-saving apparatus on the beach, or anywhere near. I sank in deep water, and have a distinct recollection of lying on the bottom of the sea with my eyes wide open, and seeing a faint green light shining from above. I had swallowed so much water that it was impossible for me to rise to the surface, and I fully realised that to me Eternity was but a question of moments.

* * *

IN FULL POSSESSION OF FACULTIES.

"The rapidity of thought passing through the mind in such a crisis is incredible. seemed to pass in review much of my life, and fancied the grief of my friends over my death, and even pictured them following my body to the grave. Being in full possession of my faculties, I was quite convinced that my end was at hand, my last conscious thoughts were directed towards my Saviour, whilst calmly praying for the forgiveness of my sins, and commending my soul to Him in the words, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' This was the last effort."

After describing the rescue by coastguardsmen and efforts to restore animation, the narrator proceeds: "I do not remember having suffered much physical pain in the act of drowning. There was much discomfort, of course, in gulping down water instead of air, but possibly the distress and anxiety of mind overmastered all feeling of physical pain."

* * * *

SENSATION OF COMPLETE HAPPINESS.

Dr. Adam Clarke, in his account, [illegible] that when drowning he "had a sensation of the most complete happiness or felicity which it is possible, independent of rapture, for the human mind to feel." "I felt," he said, "no pain from the moment I was submerged, and at once a kind of [illegible] sentation, nearly of a green colour, presented itself to me. multitudes of objects were in it, not one of them, however, possessing any kind of likeness or analogy to anything I had seen before.

"In this state how long I continued He only knows who saved my life, but so long did I continue in it till one wave after another—for the tide was coming in—rolled me to the shore. The first sensation when I came to [illegible] as if a spear had been run through my heart. I found myself sitting in the water, and it was by a very small wave that I was put out of the way of being overwhelmed by any of the succeeding waves. How long I was submerged it would be impossible precisely to say; but it was sufficiently long, according to my apprehensions, to kill [illegible] skill I now have in physiology, for me to have been completely dead, and never more to breathe in this world, had it not been for that Providence which, as it were, [illegible] breathed into my nostrils and lungs the breath of animal life."

YOUR EDITOR

PERSONAL PARS.

SOME INTERESTING STORIES.

The fortunes of Lord Annaly's family were laid partly by bookselling and partly by luck. The father of the peer had dealings with a City firm in State lottery tickets, and this firm once sent, by mistake a number of whole tickets instead of quarters, eighths, and sixteenths.

However, as he could not dispose of them, he kept them, warning the firm that such a thing must not occur again. And one of the tickets drew a prize of £30,000!

Gold for a "Special."

One summer evening, while walking on the Dalmeny side of Edinburgh, the Earl of Rosebery met a newsboy engaged in calling his "specials." Struck by the dejected looks of the lad, his lordship purchased a paper, deposited a sovereign in the youngster's hand, and walked on. The boy at once hurried after his benefactor, and, taking off his cap, started to explain.

With a smile, however, Lord Rosebery cut him short, gave him a friendly pat on the head, and said, "It's all right, my boy." Naturally, the lad, when he had recovered from the surprise, was the happiest little fellow in the district.

A Bishop's Marriage Pun.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, who has been appointed by the King to be a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, is one of the most popular of London preachers, and for many years before he was promoted to the Bishopric of Ripon in 1884 he was honorary chaplain, to the late Queen Victoria, to whom he was very fond of his sermons.

Someone asked him once if he felt nervous when preaching before the Queen. "I never address the Queen," was the reply. "I know there will be present the Queen, the Princes, the Royal Household, and the servants, and so I speak to the scullery-maid—and I speak to the scullery-maid."

At one time he was so much in request at fashionable weddings that he was fond of himself that he was "not only a Carpenter, but a joiner, too."

Failure to Buy a Dog

Mr. Anthony Drexel, the well-known banker, has related a story of a friend of his, an American millionaire, who for a long time wished to possess a really well-bred collie.

While he was in the Highlands not long since he saw a splendid specimen which would just suit him, and asked the owner what he would take for the dog.

"Ah, but you'll be taking him back to America," the canny Scot asked, cunningly.

"Certainly, that is my intention, if you'll sell him to me."

"I could no part wi' Bob," the dog's owner then said, emphatically. "I'm fair fond o' him," and even the liberal offer which the millionaire made was no inducement.

To his surprise, however, the traveller later saw the dog sold to a drover for half what he had offered, and he asked for an explanation.

"You said you could not sell him."

"I said I could not part wi' him. Rob'll be hame in two or three days from noo, but I couldna ask him to swim across the Atlantic; na, that would be too muckle to ask."

OBJECTIONS.

ADVICE TO THE SHOPMAN.

There is no triumph which the average man or woman so enjoys and gloats over as that involved in putting a question, a poser, an objection, that the other party cannot meet.

On the other hand, there is no position so humiliating, so confusing, as that of the person to whom this poser is put when he has no sort of an answer, or, what is worse, a bungling reply which only tends to confirm the other person in his triumph.

Trade, shop keeping, salesmanship—call it what you will—is full of occasions when answers to all manner of objections have to be met, met quickly, and met convincingly.

Dead as a Doornail.

Customers have of late years become highly critical and independent. The old feeling that one could not go into a shop and give a lot of trouble and then go out without buying has gone for ever. It is as dead as a doornail. And to-day any customer who does not get all his questions answered to his complete satisfaction is just as likely as not to walk out with a "Sorry to trouble you, but it isn't just what I want."

It is fatal for a shop assistant to expect that the right answer will come when a question is put. He should never forget an objection raised by a customer, and he should never forget, when that customer has gone, to formulate some ready, straightforward, and convincing reply.

Having found the answer, he must be extremely careful how he gives it when the occasion next arises.

Let me give an actual example.

I was buying a humming-top for my boy. It was actuated by a rod which enabled one to put tremendous power into the operation. It struck me that the pressure of the rod on the top would force the spinning point of the top into any table, and so ruin the table.

I said what I thought.

Assistant's Congratulations.

Then the shopkeeper at once produced a little iron tray in which the top was to be placed before spinning, and in which it would spin perfectly. I was quite satisfied, but I felt rather a fool for supposing a top which would ruin tables should be put on the market.

The shop assistant probably also thought me a fool, but he did not show it. Instead, in the most delicate way, he more or less congratulated me on "seeing the point," and produced his tray.

Had he been inexperienced he would have said something sarcastic, and I should not have bought the top.

An answer, in injudicious hands, is a dangerous weapon.

C. EASTON GREY.

VARSITY CUSTOMS.

TERMS THAT HAVE MYSTIFIED.

Many people, whom fate or circumstances have not permitted to go to Oxford or Cambridge, are often quite mystified by the multitude of colloquialisms and customs which are essentially associated with those "seats of learning," as Mr. Keir Hardie said, when he picked up a tube of sulphuretted hydrogen, which an "admiring" undergraduate had thrown at him on the occasion of his one and only speech at Cambridge.

Everyone Goes "Up."

To begin with, everyone, wherever they come from, goes "up" to Oxford or Cambridge; even the egotistical Cockney comes "up" from London.

Those colleges, whose names, for some occult reason, have no apparent connection with the way they are spelt, are probably familiar to us all—why both Magdalen(e) College, Cambridge, and Magdalen College, Oxford, should call themselves Maudlin—no one quite knows. Caius College is, of course, Keys; Christchurch, the House; but the members of Peterhouse call that venerable institution (the oldest college in Cambridge) by the name as it is spelt, and not Pothouse, as it is flippantly dubbed by the rest of the University.

Gowns of the Long Variety.

With regard to Academic dress, the customs of each University are different. At Oxford "scholars" of colleges wear gowns longer than those of "exhibitioners" and "commoners"; while at Cambridge all undergraduates' gowns are of the long variety.

At both Universities, though, undergraduates may not have the tassels on their mortar boards, or "squares," as they are called, projecting beyond the edge of this particular form of headdress—this privilege is only reserved for graduates.

The Sedate Old "Gyps."

No one thinks of asking an undergraduate where he "lives," but always where he "keeps"—and the outer door of his rooms is termed his "oak," and the universal way of describing the operation of shutting the door is "sporting the oak."

The man servants allotted, one to so many undergraduates, are called "scouts" at Oxford and "gyps" at Cambridge; while everyone, of course, knows that the top-hatted gentlemen who accompany the proctors on their nefarious rounds are called bulldogs. Imaginative Freshmen accredit them with an almost superhuman fleetness of foot, but in reality they are generally sedate old "gyps," grey with servitude.

Existed for Many Generations.

Fashions come and go, in custom, speech, and dress; but these two old University towns are very conservative, and these customs we have mentioned have existed for many generations, and probably our children's grandchildren will be saying the same things as we and our grandfathers before us have done at our "alma maters."

H. J. BENCHLEY.

Rapid Physical

BY OUR
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

For General Strength.

A week or two ago I gave an exercise for two persons, and many readers chumming together in "digs," have written asking me to give some more collective exercises. I have much pleasure in doing so.

Stand facing each other, as shown in illustration, one being the Attacker, the other the Defender. The Attacker, as will be seen, has his hands over the Defender's. Now let the Attacker by pressing on the Defender's hands, try to force him to bend backwards from the waist, the latter resisting all he can. Then let the Defender become the Attacker and repeat.

This is slightly similar to the exercise previously given, but that was for arm and shoulder development, whereas this makes for general strength. I strongly recommend it as a safe and simple exercise for men who are at all weak.

For Heart and Lungs.

Another good joint exercise, in this case more particularly for the heart and lungs, is performed as follows:—

Stand facing each other, about eighteen inches apart, and the feet about sixteen inches distant.

Then lean forward until your chests touch. The arms are to be extended sideways, the one pointing upwards, the other down, and the hands being locked by inter-twining the fingers.

Now let each of you press against the other, striving to force him back against the wall. During the exercise each pair of arms should be raised and lowered alternately. This is a fine exercise for practically every muscle in the body, and especially beneficial to the heart and lungs, but don't do it so strenuously as to cause great fatigue.

In all joint exercises it is highly desirable that, if possible, the opponents should be fairly evenly matched in height and strength.

On Removing Wrinkles.

Wrinkles are not perhaps so serious a matter to a man as to a woman, but still they tend to make him look old before his time, and in some cases they are positively disfiguring.

Ill-health, wrong diet, worry, eye strain, and the habit of frowning or screwing up mouth or eyes are the chief causes of wrinkles.

Unless of long standing they can generally be removed by careful and regular massaging with lanoline, which has the advantages of being quickly absorbed by the skin, and of not promoting the growth of superfluous hair.

For the wrinkles caused by frowning massage firmly with the first two fingers of both hands, the movement being across the wrinkles and towards the temples.

For the wrinkles that run across the forehead massage always in one direction, and up towards the roots of the hair.

Those fine wrinkles round about the eyes, known as "crow's feet," are rather obstinate, and put years on to your real age. Try massaging them in firm, circular movements.

Traced to Eye Strain,

"Crows' feet" are usually accompanied by unsightly, baggy pouches under the eyes. These should be treated by smooth massaging from the inner to the outer corners of the eyes.

"Crows' feet" are often due to eye strain, or weakness, and if they appear in early life you should have your eyes examined by a qualified oculist.

For wrinkles about the mouth you should massage with almost the whole of the fingers, i.e., not merely with the tips.

Start at the chin and work with a semi-circular movement towards the ears, and past the corners of the nose.

After massaging and anointing with lanoline or olive oil, the skin requires an occasional tonic. There is nothing so beat a little light but sound claret applied externally and internally.

Developm

Answers to Correspond

"Belfast."—My dear chap, what you want with a "flat chest." A f you like, but chest should be full I have given many chest developing and if you will remit cost and po send you some back numbers.

G. H. (Manchester).—Complai cannot help blushing when spoken suffering from "nerves" in genera has just finished course of physic leads a regular life, eats and sleep blushes on the least provocation, confidence in himself. This is a case.

For the blushing I should r him to force himself to go into so to lose no opportunity of being It would be a good plan to join dramatic club.

"G. H." further says that he has taken many nerve food without benefit. The best is a rump steak three times a week, and a good sound Burgundy with dinner.

J. M. C. D. (Lisburn).—For your nervousness to G. H. All bending and stretching exercises ar abdominal stoutness. If you don't play bowls, is a fine game for the corpulent.

J. O. V. D. (Oswestry).—What you want is fresh air, moderate outdoor exercise (try garde plain, nourishing food. Let lean meat, bean onions, and asparagus predominate in your diet drinking a pint of fresh milk daily, and take th worth of cream once a week. Let me hear from

L. P. (Sheffield).—Your symptoms suggest uric chemist will make you up a lithia mixture probably put you right. Don't take wines or m but a little weak whisky and water will do you no

R. G. R. (Denmark Hill).—You are wrong. Frank Slavin nor Peter Jackson was ever cha world. Thanks for good wishes.

"Arthur" (Huddersfield).—It has been estimat average billiard player walks two miles an hour table, while in a game lasting twenty minutes he expends is equal to 400 foot-pounds—that wo him to raise 400lbs. one foot. The strength guage depends on the "hard luck" he has, the his opponent's "beastly flukes," and his educatio burne, you may remember, invited the cabman how a poet could swear.

D. C. (Aberdeen).—"Japanese Seaweed," to b from any chemist, will often give relief in cases constipation where other remedies have failed.

"LIVING SKELETON" (Lanark).—Some p constitutionally thin, and apparently nothing in diet or exercise will induce them to put on flesh other hand, excessive thinness may be due to ease, an internal growth or tumour, or tape-w long as you feel fit and do not lose weight, there to worry. Try taking a teaspoonful of pure oli of three times a week, also rubbing the oil into —more particularly the trunk, every other day as I say, you may be one of the lean kind whom make plump.

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a copy entirely free of charge. As the number for free
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Does Professionalism Injure Boxing?

A FEW POINTS IN FAVOUR OF THE "PRO."

There have been many discussions in the past as to whether a sport is is any way injured by professionalism, and, as is the case with most debatable subjects, there are many arguments both for and against. Some people will despise a boxer who takes up his pet sport as a means of earning a livelihood. The same class of people will point a crowd waiting outside the entrances to the cheaper of our many boxing halls and say in disgust: "There a few specimens of the followers of boxing."

The Pugilist's Self-Respect.

people will tell you that a professional boxer is has been brought up amongst the very lowest of humanity, as a man who will perform any low-down cowardly trick for what he can make out of it. And, hear from these same people that a professional deprived of all human feeling, honour, and self-the very fact of his being paid for delivering blows to an opponent robs him of all manliness, and him down as low as any brute beast.

the above points respectively, one can easily put counter arguments, proving that professionalism injure boxing, neither does professionalism have elevating effect on the character of the boxer.

the first place, a man who takes to boxing as a means earning a living is in a position to put all his time to himself in this particular branch of sport, whereas an amateur he could only afford to train perhaps two or evenings per week. Thus it will be seen that the capable of giving the public a far better scientific boxing than the amateur. The most proof of the professional's superiority over the provided at most benefits and other such exhibi-it is usual to match a first-rate amateur with a third-rate pro. In nine cases out of ten the pro. only far the better without exerting himself to any

The Right to Increase an Income,

real reason for the general objection to a professional to get at, but the fact remains that there is certainly Surely a young man in an ordinary position, 30s. per week, has every right to greatly income by taking up boxing, if he thinks he is As regards the followers of professional would be hard to find, on the average, a better is true that in the cheaper parts of our finds "some of the lads," but although they rough-looking fellows, they have, as a rule, a play which is unequalled. They sometimes in their excitement, but an appeal from sporting instincts never fails to bring them

come to the character of the average boxer. Of realises that there are a few black sheep, as in but amongst the championship class, one could dozens who are as well behaved, modest, and as can be desired. Such fine examples of Bombardier Wells, Jim Sullivan, Johnny Sum-Driscoll, Georges Carpentier, Packey Macfarland, to mention but a few, are gentlemen in the word both in and out of the ring.

Favourite with the Clergy,

Johnny Summers personally, and any-acquainted with the popular Canning Town knows that he attends to his religious duties which is unrivalled. He may be seen on morning taking his two little sons to church, and favourite with the clergy. Jim Driscoll is at willing to offer his services at any benefit for a travelling many miles at his own the purpose of giving an exhibition of his won-

many instances such as these which only does not lower a man's self-but actually brings out the best that is in him.

Not long since Arthur Gutteridge, the well-known second at the National Sporting Club, who at one time was a boxer of great merit, rescued a woman and child from a burning building at a great personal risk to his own life. Thus showing that a professional boxer is possessed of a steady nerve, cool and calculating, quick-witted, and, above all, good-hearted to a fault.

Kissed at the End of a Contest.

People are too ready to jump at conclusions, and rely on hearsay as regards boxers, but let these same people witness a contest between two well-trained men from a seat at the ringside. Note the hearty handgrip at the beginning and close of the contest; the good feeling during the bout; and the apologies made and readily accepted with a smile should any little irregularity occur. Then, again, after a hard gruelling fight for supremacy, one of the combatants has crossed to his opponent's corner and actually kissed him. The writer has in mind several instances of this act of respect and real esteem which one boxer has for another.

One of the most touching events in the history of the Ring was at the burial of the late Raphael Belli, who recently died in the ring from the effects of a ruptured blood vessel in the head, while he was boxing Arthur Evernden in France. After the burial service Evernden had to be led from the grave completely broken down and sobbing like a child. One of the many wreaths sent by the dead boxer's many friends bore the simple, but very expressive legend, "From Arthur Evernden to his dear comrade."

THE CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

"F.A.R."—As we have no need to force a moustache we cannot personally guarantee the preparation advertised in the M.M., but we think it would be worth your while to give it a trial. Readers speak well of it.

S.F. (Oldham).—What do you mean by sending in football queries at this time of year? However, a player is off-side in his own half of the field if he approaches within six yards of a player taking a goal or corner kick, or of a player taking a free kick, except when the kick is taken within six yards of the defender's goal line. How is my "Lady" Woodger?

W.R.O. (West Kensington).—To the best of our belief Mr. Nat Gould, the sporting novelist, is still very much alive and kicking.

"CAMPER" (Peterborough).—Write to Messrs. Anderson, Waterproof Manufacturers, Strand, W.C. Thanks for good wishes.

M.B. (South Kensington).—You should obtain a really good pair of 18 carat gold sleeve links for three guineas.

"TOM" (Poplar).—As Mrs. Langtry once said, when asked the same question: "I don't know whether married men ought to wear rings, but I am sure some of them should wear chains."

F.P. (Liverpool).—At bowls it is usual for the worst player (in a game of four a side) to play second, and for the "skip," or "driver," to play last.

"CLEEK" (King's Langley).—Red coats are rarely worn by golfers nowadays, except on links, e.g., Wimbledon, where they are obligatory by law. Wear either a Norfolk jacket with knickerbockers or trousers, or a flannel suit. If you wear knickerbockers *don't* have tassels to your stockings.

P.M. (Halifax).—At single wicket cricket the number of balls in an over is unlimited.

"PAT" (Bradford).—Army officers other than those of mounted corps, do not now wear swords on active service.

D.R.S. (Winchester).—The effect of writing the words, "not negotiable" on a cheque is to prevent any person but the lawful holder of the cheque from acquiring a good title to it. For example, you receive such a cheque; it is stolen from you, and cashed in good faith by a third person. The last-named has no title to the cheque though he acted innocently and gave value for it, and he would lose his money.

C.O. (Bath).—In "clock golf," a circle is marked on the ground, and divided and numbered like the face of a clock. The hole is not in the centre of the circle, so that it is not the same distance from any two "hours" or members. Each player starts putting from 12 o'clock. When he has got the ball into the hole he goes to 1 o'clock, and so on round the circle, the winner being he who goes round the clock in the fewest number of strokes.

WHY WOMEN OUTLIVE THE MEN: SOCIOLOGICAL FACTS ON AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

Nine out of ten of our readers will probably realise, if they ask themselves the question, that the great majority of their female married relations have lived longer than their husbands. And if they put further enquiries to themselves of the same nature, they will find that their spinster relations have on the whole enjoyed longer lives than the male members of the family. There are a great many propositions which, although they do not admit of logical scientific proof, are still accepted as conclusive by scientists in general. And the subject of this article is one of these; to wit, that women on an average, in the United Kingdom at any rate, live longer than the men.

More Female than Male Centenarians.

What is the reason for this? It is a pregnant question, not only of personal, but of national interest; and, acting on the instructions of the Editor, the writer set himself to make enquiries upon it.

The census returns for many decades back show a distinctly greater longevity of women as compared with men; and it is noticeable that in the case of centenarians there are approximately two women to every man. Even more conclusive—for centenarians obviously form only a very trivial percentage of the population—is the evidence of the Old Age Pension figures all over the country. Taking all the districts of the United Kingdom, and forming a general average from them, we find that the female Old Age Pensioners outnumber the males by a large majority. A strict logician might possibly demur that one cannot claim to draw conclusive proof from a survey of any number of years; but this is more or less beside the question. We may take it is as a fact that it has been the case for generations past, is the case at the present time, and will, in all likelihood, be the case for many generations to come, if not for all time, that women outlive men.

Talk with a Medical Man.

After an instructive talk with a medical man, who has made a close study of this subject, the writer gleaned the following theories:—

The really predominant reason of men's early death compared with women, is the immeasurably greater strain which is excited on the former's physical and mental activities by the cares and worries of business life. Few men—not one in a hundred—can be said to dismiss their business from their minds at any part of their waking hours. Take as a simple instance, two men from the same office lunching in the same cafe together. Listen to their talk, and you will find that it deals with their office and its work. Listen to two girl typists from the same business lunching together, and you will overhear a discussion of the respective merits of washing-holland or shantung silk as a material for summer frocks. A cynic has said that a man worries about his own business; but a woman is chiefly concerned with somebody else's. Whether or not this is the case, it is true that a woman, at the close of her day's work, can draw down a kind of shutter between her mental vision and her work; and a man cannot do this.

Woman's Reliance on Man's Support.

Where the mind is wearied, moreover, the body is wearied, too. This is an undeniable scientific fact. Christian Science is one of the most remarkable instances of this. The convictions of the Christian Scientist are so great that he will not believe that anything ails him. And it is remarkable how many Christian Scientists enjoy robust health, and how many of them live to a ripe old age. The man who tires his brain systematically—as ninety-nine in every hundred of us do—with business cares, tires his body regularly in an equal degree; and his life is shortened in consequence.

Women, on the other hand, do not worry. The married woman, when her husband comes home, and perhaps confides some of his minor business troubles, smoothes his hair, and croons "Poor old boy!" but she does not worry. She feels that in her "man" she has a strong support, on which she can lean—both mentally and physically. The business woman does not worry either—at any rate, not to the same extent as the business man.

Business women, to put it plainly, rarely occupy positions of responsibility. They have little tasks allotted to them, and they perform them satisfactorily. The shorthand-typist takes down letters, types them, and hands them back for signature. Here her responsibility ends. It is for woman work according to a system that has been arranged for them. To put it quite candidly, women in business, in an enormous majority of cases, automatons. They have no need to worry. The bulk of the scheming has been done by the men.

Penalty of Late Hours.

Another factor is probably to be traced to men's habits in early manhood. Late hours, whether spent in the music-hall, in the club smoke-room, or even in the midst of the midnight oil, are bound to exact their toll of men in life. Women on the whole are believers in the eight hours of beauty sleep before midnight—and as a result of their beauty, they reap the benefit in increased years of life.

Now, let us take the question of smoking. I am not going to harp on that ancient string, "tobacco is a poison"; this is a very much exaggerated danger. Practically all smoking is confined to the years of full development, and here is an interesting theory that has not yet been widely before the public.

The action of inhaling is not realised in all its exhaustiveness, for the reason that pleasure is derived from it. But try, as an experiment, how long you can keep up inhaling with a stump of pencil in your lips before feeling fatigue of the labial muscles. You will find it in a very short time. In the same way, the amount—to use the professional medical term—expended by even a moderate smoker of a pipe, cigarettes, or cigars in the act of "drawing" at his tobacco, is so enormous as to be hardly credible to the non-medical man.

It is more for this reason than from any idea of poison from nicotine, that smoking is forbidden by athletic trainers. And it is this regular daily expenditure of nervous energy that is in a great measure responsible for shortening men's lives.

Time to take up Sport.

Mention of athletic trainers brings one easily to the subject of athletics and their bearing on masculine life. There are two schools of opinion on the subject—one as to the correct age at which to take up sport, one which maintains that it should not be indulged in till full growth, and that the heart is developed, and another which maintains that the body should be inured to athletic strain by gentle exercise from comparatively early boyhood. Which of these is right, there is no doubt that a great many strain their hearts through over-strenuous exercise when undeveloped.

Finally, it is a strange fact that, though women live longer, they age quicker than men. The average woman "goes out" strong and fairly young-looking, while men linger in the "creaking gate" stage until a late age.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any duties. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of getting into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the country.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you may be.

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THE MODERN WOMAN.

THE COMMON-SENSE OF CLOTHES.

"What do you use to mix your paints?" an amateur once asked a great artist.

"Common-sense, man—just common-sense," was the reply. "Painting is very much like painting, for both are arts that depend for success on happy combinations of line and colour, and to both must common-sense be applied. In our sports and work, leaving our clothes to take care of themselves. That is why French women declare that English women, in spite of their admirable figures and complexions, are a tribe of frights, for they dress themselves by distance instead of by common-sense.

Frenchwoman's Methods.

A clever little French woman, with messages to look delightfully smart and chic on about twopence a week a year, gives this account of her methods.—

"How is it that I look what you call 'all right' at all times? What do I know? I think and I think of myself in a mirror. So my costume is all one piece—the hat, the shoes, the corsets, the gloves, the skirt—all 'en suite.' I tell you, that is the secret of good dressing. To think always of the whole. But it is a secret known to you others.

"I walk down Regent Street one afternoon, and what do I see in the eye? It is a beautiful young girl, and on her head she has a hat which is a toilette. It is a hat to wear in a costume of tweed, and plain, with a belted leather buttons; boots to the thickness of an ankle. The hat with such a costume! The costume is terrible! The hat is a crime!! Such a hat is a crime!! Never wear a plain straw—a cap—anything with such a costume rather than that dream of lace, which calls itself a gown all soft folds and lines.

"Here comes another. From the distance she is 'chic'—the costume, the hat, all good. But coming near; and I see black shoes where there should be suede. I see cotton gloves where there should be suede. Horror!

"Now, I will talk at home, and tell you what I do. I know that I am 'petite'—too thin, too small; therefore no great hats to crush me, no large patterns to make look like a chess-board. All is small, as I am small; give round curves, soft lines.

The Inexpensive System.

"Each costume, also, is a perfect thing. The hat, the gloves, the blouse, the jabot—all belong to each other. I do not wear one without the other. It is morning toilette, visiting toilette, evening toilette with me—never the blouse of the afternoon and the of the evening.

"Expensive—no. I buy each toilette, and I not when it is worn out I buy another. It may and a month, or a year, or three years.

The bathing costume is always an important item of holiday outfit. The above are ideal examples.

LADIES AND RIFLE SHOOTING.

Rifle shooting, as a new sport for women, is coming very much to the fore. Last year a Ladies' Country Rifle Association was formed, and a most successful meeting was held at Bisley.

Rifle shooting is a sport which appeals to many women who do not, as a rule, care for outdoor games and exercises. Their natural delicacy of hand often makes them most accurate shots, and the training is said to steady the nerves and give a certain readiness of action which is most desirable.

Choosing the Weapon.

Most important points are the selection and care of the weapon. As a rule, it is not wise to use too light a rifle. A beginner may find one convenient, but if she is well advised she will try and train herself to the use of something heavier, as weight makes for steadiness, and a high degree of proficiency can seldom be attained by one who uses only a light fancy rifle.

Another most important point is that of dress. The ideal shooting costume consists of a light flannel blouse, very loose in the sleeves and collar, and a short but fairly heavy tweed or serge skirt. A hat with a brim which can be turned down when necessary to shade the eyes, should always be worn, but this hat should not be large, or it will flap in the wind and distract the attention of the shooter.

On Mountain Trips.

Mountain Climbing as a summer holiday sport, enjoys a tremendous popularity. Those who have once spent a holiday among the mountains become so fascinated by the life that they often return year after year to enjoy a few weeks of absolute quiet in the splendid health-giving air.

Perhaps a few hints may be useful to those who are contemplating a first mountain trip this summer.

It is a great mistake to go too high at first, as the sudden change of atmosphere may cause violent headaches or attacks of mountain sickness. It is far better to make the journey gradually, spending two or three nights on the way, and letting each day's travel take you a few hundred feet higher. The same applies to the coming home. If you drop straight down from the snow line into a town situated near the sea level, you will probably feel so tired out and good for nothing that you will think your holiday has exhausted instead of refreshed you.

It is not wise to undertake a long climb on the first day. Just wander round the neighbourhood, go up a little way, perhaps, and get gradually into practice before you attempt anything ambitious.

The Useful Thick Stick.

If you are doing what is known as grass-climbing—that is to say, a climb which is undertaken on the wooded slopes of a hill, and does not involve any glacier work, you will find that a thick stick with a steel point is far more useful than an alpenstock.

USEFUL HINTS FOR THE HOME.

HOW TO COOL A ROOM ON A HOT DAY.

Cut a piece of thin butter muslin to fit the open part of each window. The cheapest kind of muslin will do, and you need not even trouble to hem it round the edge. Dip the muslin in cold water. Put a drawing pin through each corner, and tack the whole up to the window frame, so that it covers the opening. Hot air blowing through this wet screen will be damped and cooled, so that you get a delightfully refreshing breeze. The muslin also keeps out the dust, and very much improves the atmosphere of the room.

THE BEST WAY TO CLEAN PAINT.

Vinegar is the best thing to use when you are cleaning white paint or enamel, for it brings the dirt off at once and leaves a good shine on the surface. Allow a tablespoonful of vinegar to each quart of water; mix up a good thick lather with soft soap. Dip a cloth in this, and just rub it lightly over the paint, which will become clean almost at once. The scent of the vinegar lingers for a little while in the room; where it smells very fresh and pleasant.

ON SAVING FUEL.

As it seems likely that coal may rise again in price at any moment, perhaps some economical housekeepers may like to know how they can reduce the amount necessary for heating the kitchen range. Apply to any odd-job builder in a small way, and tell him that you wish him to spread some fire-clay on the lower bars of your grate. Let it be only on the bottom bars, which form the floor of the fire—not on the front ones, as this would hinder the draught. When the fire is lighted, the clay will soon get very hot, and it holds the heat for many hours; only a handful of fire is necessary above it in order to keep the oven going.

Smart afternoon blouse, and a charming fichu in the very newest French style. These fichus are invaluable for the woman who has to make a smart appearance on a moderate allowance.

GNAT BITE CURE.

People with sensitive skins suffer very much during the summer from the bites of gnats and other small stinging insects. A hurt of this kind should never be rubbed or it may develop into a nasty sore. As soon as you discover the bite, put upon it one drop of extra strong ammonia, which is sold in sealed bottles with glass stoppers, specially for this purpose. You can get such a bottle from any chemist, and you will find it furnished with a little glass rod with which to take up and apply a single drop. Be careful not to hold the bottle near your face, for the ammonia is so strong that it gives off fumes which make the eyes water terribly.

THE TIME FOR RHUBARB JAM.

Rhubarb jam should be made just at this time of year, when the fruit has grown too coarse for stewing, and is, therefore, being sold very cheaply. Many people dislike the flavour of plain rhubarb, so it is rather well to use this only as a foundation to the jam, and put in a flavouring of strawberries, red currants, or raspberries. Strawberry and rhubarb jam is very delicious, for the taste is entirely that of strawberry, but the berries, instead of floating in clear syrup, appear in a soft, thick, pink purree, which is excellent for spreading on sandwich cakes or layer puddings. If the rhubarb is very green, you must [illegible] carmine with it, in order to give the right colour. [illegible] half a pound of strawberries to three-quarters of a pound rhubarb.

ONE WAY TO PACK WELL.

Nothing is more annoying than to arrive at a place where you are to pay a visit, and then find, when you [illegible] your dresses are crushed and your hats [illegible] recognition. Bad packing is nearly always to blame for misfortune of this kind. Perhaps you did not know how to set about the business. Next time, try the following way, which is sure to make everything right.

Pack everything heavy at the bottom of the box—books, bottles, and so on. Wrap every bottle up in a piece of waterproof, so that, if it happens to be cracked, it will not leak and spoil the other contents of the box. [illegible] Dry your [illegible] from [illegible] bag; which [illegible] and make [illegible] so damp that [illegible] liable to [illegible]

Fill the [illegible] every [illegible] with tissue [illegible] then fold the [illegible] the [illegible] which will [illegible] firm [illegible] them.

FILL YOUR TRU[illegible]

Put a [illegible] paper between [illegible] in a skirt. Stuff [illegible] of every hat [illegible] rolled up [illegible] gloves, and all [illegible] with paper in order [illegible] them from being [illegible]

Fill the box [illegible] for, unless you do [illegible] things will fall [illegible] and spoil one another. [illegible] trunk which is [illegible] it has to be sat upon, [illegible] it will close travelling [illegible] ter than one which is [illegible] empty.

HEAT AND THE HAIR.

In summer time the hair often tends to become limp and greasy. This condition is not at all [illegible] and you will [illegible] anxious to remedy [illegible] following ways.

A weekly wash with ammonia and water dries the hair and tends to make it wave. Plait the hair into a tight braid, so that they will be out of the way; then wash the head only with a tablespoonful of ammonia dissolved in a pint of hot water. Rinse and dry the head in the usual way. This treatment should not be applied more than once a week, or it will make the hair brittle.

A dry shampoo is quite harmless and may be used as often as you please. Take a quarter of a pound of oatmeal, and mix into it a little violet powder to give a pleasant scent. Dust some of this mixture into the hair of the head with a powder puff, and then give the hair a thorough brushing.

AN ADVANTAGE IN EXPENSE.

Many people use powdered orris root, which is good for dark hair, but oatmeal has the advantage of being less expensive and more easy to procure.

SPORTING MIXTURE:

UP-TO-DATE PARS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

There is no greater bug-bear to the amateur sea-fisher, o fishes from a boat at a fair distance from the shore, a the insidiously-creeping coast fogs, which so frequently n on the eager sportsman, and surround him and his before he is aware of them. To be invested in this is one of the most unenviable positions, because is usually in such doubt about the wisest thing to do the emergency.

If you are not further than a quarter of a mile or so from port, you may as well try to get in, provided you have boatman with you, or feel yourself capable of getting the at in safely through the fog.

Elsewhere you are further out—in fact, in the great ajority of cases—it is much safer to ride at anchor until fog disperses, frequently sounding some sort of warning your presence, e.g., by means of blasts of a police whistle, d syren, or bicycle hooter, or else by firing off blank idges in a pistol.

The Motorist's Small Exes.

Most people who do not possess a car seem to imagine at the man who does own one ought to spend his time aking his friends out in it, and pooh-pooh the contention hat small "exes." "mount up." But here are a few figures egarding a motor-car's up-keep when running. Petrol works " at anything from ½d. to 1d. per mile, say, an average f ½d. Oil, grease, and carbide each account for about 1d. n every twenty miles, and last, but not least, must be con- idered the wear of the tyres. According as to how heavily he car is loaded, and whether the roads are in good or bad ondition, the wear of tyres will cost anything from 1s to 6d. t is easy to see, then, that even these minor items of a otorist's expenditure total up to a not inconsiderable sum t the end of every year.

Favourite Hooligan Foul.

Any of our readers whose business or pleasure may keep them out fairly late at night, and take them through unfre- quented and dimly lighted thoroughfares, will do well to note this very popular trick among the foot-pad fraternity, so as to be prepared, should it ever be tried upon them.

If a man approaches you with an unlit cigarette between his lips, and asks for a light at your own cigarette or pipe, take care not to oblige him, or at any rate merely to give him a match, if he is wearing a bowler hat. For the bowler hat is an indispensable adjunct to the trick, which is per- formed thus—

The unsuspecting victim puts his head close to the hooligan's in order that the latter may get a light, when, with a sudden and lightning-like jab downwards of his fore- head the latter strikes the former hard with the brim of the bowler, just on the spot where spectacles or pince-nez are broke, such as most of these ruffians know well how to deliver, it is quite easy to render a man unconscious for a considerable time—quite long enough, at any rate, to allow of the foot-pad going comfortably through his pockets and getting away.

In fact, cases of death from that cause are not unknown; and more than a few unsuspecting victims have had their sight permanently impaired by the trick.

Perfection in Catching.

It is a vexed question as to which man the fieldsman should watch, the bowler or the batsman. Roughly speak- ing, perhaps the best answer would be that every fieldsman should watch the batsman (for motions which indicate the direction of his hit); but that short-slip and cover-slip should watch the bowler, for to them the ball generally comes quite unintentionally on the batsman's part. When I say watch the bowler, I mean, of course, look at him at the same time follow the course of the ball.

In taking hard hits with one hand, the ball ought to be taken on the middle joint of the second finger, for thus the hand, and other fingers naturally close round it and form a kind of cage. Some men knock up a hard ball and then catch it again—thus breaking the force of its impact—but this is risky, and savouring more than a little of "fancy play," it should only be resorted to when the catch is such a "stinger" as to be actually impossible to hold in any other way.

Let the ball strike the hand, which should always "give" to it. Never allow the hand to strike the ball. Always, where possible, use two hands in preference to one.

High dropping catches are the greatest puzzlers in the whole bag. They call for judgment of pace and direction both of the fieldsman himself and the ball, besides the usual qualities of eye and hand in actual catching. First of all, make your judgment of where the ball will land; then get there before it, and stand waiting for its descent with you hands close together, shaped like a cup, with thumbs uppermost, and the arms close to the body, so as to permit of your embracing the ball should it jump out of your hands.

Long Range Rifle Clubs.

It is an unfortunate fact that, throughout our right little, tight little islands, it is insuperably difficult to find open spaces of sufficient extent for long-range rifle-shooting—at any rate with the indispensable sanction of the local authorities. It is for this reason that the number of exist- ing long-range rifle clubs is so small. It is composed of: The English Eight Club, the Cambridge University L.R.R.C., the Oxford University L.R.R.C., the Hounslow L.R.R.C., the Dublin Rifle Club, the Irish Rifle Association, the Ulster Rifle Association, and the National Rifle Club of Scotland.

Good work is done by the English Eight Club, the National Rifle Club of Scotland, and the Irish Rifle Asso- ciation, for these annually hold prize shooting meetings—a practice which affords the greatest help to the captains of the teams for the Elcho Challenge Shield, in the trying business of selecting the best shots to represent their respective county.

"High-Long" Jumping.

What a long jumper needs chiefly, so as to get the most momentum out of his weight, is pace and spring. This means that his practice should always include some high jumping and sprinting.

A good modern invention, however, is the "high-long" jump, a form of exercise which combines both the above- mentioned requisites.

Fix up a lath at about 4ft. 6in. or 5ft. from the ground, and then take up your position some 20 yards away from it. Now sprint up to this obstacle, and take it at the conclusion of your run, at which moment you should be going at almost your highest speed.

A little "high-long" jumping mingled with your ordinary practice will put inches—perhaps even feet—on to your previous best long jump.

Trout Culture Facts.

There is a vast difference, naturally enough, between the total percentages of survivors among naturally deposited trout eggs in rivers or brooks, and those tended by the fish culturist. A female trout drops about 1,000 eggs for every pound of her weight; but little more than 10 per cent. of those eggs ever turn into full-grown fish.

The pisciculturist, however, manages to hatch as many as 95 per cent. of his eggs; and of the "fry," when hatched, he can usually rely on actually rearing 50 per cent.

The quaint object which emerges from the egg is called an alevin, a wee fish-shaped thing with a bag of some yellow fluid attached to its belly. On the contents of this bag the alevin thrives until it is big and strong enough to find food for itself.

Good Sea-Fish Baits.

Sea-fish will bolt all manner of things, so that possible baits would take a long time to catalogue. Here, however, are some useful ones, off the beaten track of lug- and rag-worms.

Boil some macaroni until soft, and then knead it into a paste with some crumbs of bread. Either sweetened or otherwise, this is highly attractive to grey mullet on the South Coast.

Wash a cuttle-fish clean of its ink, and then beat it until it is soft. Now you have a splendid bait for conger-eel; and in such places as Lynmouth, Seaton, and others, it will be very useful for bass.

Though scalding mussels makes them easier to put on the hook, it lessens their attraction for the fish.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor, who will answer all queries to the best of his ability.—Editor.)

The general fall in prices which took place last Account has unfortunately continued, and there is considerable talk of financial difficulties at the next settlement. It is to be hoped these fears of trouble will not be realised, and there is certainly plenty of time for the financially weak to arrange matters.

Labour Trouble and the Fall.

The "Bull" account in Home Rails has evidently been much larger than generally reckoned—hence the big fall in stocks which have been prominent in the recent rise. The new labour trouble with the transport workers has certainly had something to do with the fall, and it is to be hoped that the difficulty will be quickly solved, otherwise the point in dispute will have to be thrashed out between the employer and all labour Unions.

However—all things considered—the fall in my opinion has gone too far, and stocks ought to be bought at the present reduced level.

Well-Sounding Proposition.

Fishguard to Dover by the Great Western, Metropolitan, East London and South Eastern sounds an excellent proposition for the fast American passenger traffic between New York and the Continent, and is being freely talked about in railway circles.

The American Market shows little change, as there is very little stock open here, and what there is open is about balanced between "Bulls" and "Bears."

Taft and Roosevelt are still fighting in the well-known American election style, and the general opinion seems to be that the Colonel will serve a third term as President, which is certainly a "bull" point for Steels.

Canadian Pacifics have had a smart shake out—quite sufficient to frighten all weak holders—and I expect to see the price quickly return to its former level and resume their rise, making fresh records.

The Influx into Canada.

Trunks have not eased in price much, and the great firmness of this market during the recent stress makes the outlook for the "Bulls" very good. In my opinion nothing can prevent a further upward movement in 3rd and the ordinary, as the prosperity of Canada and the Canadian Railways must continue increasing with the immigration, and that now exceeds 2,000 per day, and the majority of this enormous influx have capital.

The oil share market has naturally suffered in the general depression; but not to any great extent, and operators in this market can buy their favourites without hesitation at present prices.

The Most Promising Purchases.

Mexican Eagles, Galician Old Trust, and Standard of Mexico "A" and "B" are the most promising purchases that occur to me at the moment.

The large South African houses that are taking a hand in oil finance are seeking undeveloped oil lands, knowing full well that the cost of development is money well spent; and fresh producing fields cannot make any impression on the demand for some time to come.

The Rubber market has been very quiet—almost stagnant in fact—for some time past; but a few new companies have made their appearance during the week, and as good people are connected with these promotions doubtless we shall see more life in the shares in the near future.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

T.A.B. (Norwich).—Tickets can only be obtained through members of the Stock Exchange, but you are much too late for this year.

CLAN (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—My advice is, have nothing to do with them.

A. MARTIN (Surbiton).—You might write Messrs. Foster and Cranfield, 6, Poultry, London, E.C., ask them for a quotation, and compare with the office valuation.

JACKEROO (Whitstable-le-Woods).—(1) Have no inside knowledge of this, but think you might make a better selection. (2) Same remarks apply.

P.W.M. (Glasgow).—I do not reply to anonymous correspondents; send stamped and addressed envelope, and I will answer in detail.

G. J. (Camden Town).—I should be inclined to [illegible] profit on both lots.

READER (Hull).—In my opinion they will improve, but should be satisfied with a less price than the one you name.

E.D. (Wallington).—Unless you are prepared to accept some risk you had better leave them alone.

K.R. (Cambridge).—(A) very limited market, but a fairly good holding. (B) No. (C) Nominally 5 to 5¼, and likely to improve.

VERAX (Sheffield).—I do not advise the exchange; your present holding is far the better of the two.

TEACHER (Tavistock).—Your list is a good one, with the exception of No. 4, which is highly speculative.

NEMO (Spalding).—Hold 2, 5, and 7, average 3; and wait a little before dealing with the others.

IAN (Bembridge).—I do not see my way to recommend a purchase at the moment.

GWYN (Rhyl).—The shares are to bearer, consequently no transfer is necessary.

GUN (Woolwich).—There seems no immediate prospect of a dividend, but there is a chance of improvement in price, as I hear the market is bare of stock.

M.S. (Belfast).—So far as I can ascertain the prospects are not very hopeful.

TURK (Plymouth).—The shares can be easily carried over; you should instruct your broker to that effect at least three days before the Account day.

H.T. (Hawick).—Suitable for a lock-up, but not for speculative transaction in differences.

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SELF-TAUGHT CYCLING:

HINTS TO THE MAN WHO TRIES TO LEARN BY HIMSELF.

Just as in swimming the initial requirement is to be able to float on the water, so in cycling the great requirement, before all others, is to be able to retain one's balance. How is the solitary learner to acquire this?

Firstly, he should beg, borrow, or buy the use of a strong, but old-fashioned machine whose value is as near nil as possible. With this he should betake himself to a road which slopes a little, but not too much, and which is preferably unpatronised by over-many motor vehicles.

Value of Determination.

He should then lower the saddle so as to allow of his saving himself from a fall by sticking out one leg. Next he should seat himself in the saddle with his face pointing down the slope of the road, and let himself go. As far as possible, he should put into practice the rule that the front wheel should be turned in the direction in which the rider is falling; but, of course, this will not be too easy at first; and his legs will shoot out continually on one side and another, as he comes to an ignominious halt. The greater, however, is his determination, the sooner will he find himself wobbling along without falling; and once the wobbling stage is reached it is no far cry to comparative efficiency.

A great point to remember, when learning by yourself, is that you will obtain the power of balance much quicker by letting your machine go pretty fast than you will by timidly crawling with it. Just as a hoop goes much straighter and steadier when it is trundled fast, so does a bicycle need much less "steering" when going at a good rate.

Best Way to Mount.

The way to mount may fitly be studied once you have broken the back of "balancing." Do not adopt the "old-womanish" scheme of using the pavement kerb as a platform. Far better go to your downward road again, place your left foot on the step, hop on the other till a good pace is got up; and then balance yourself over the back wheel until you have sufficient confidence to drop into the saddle.

To the novice, buying a bicycle is something of a problem. There are so many makes to choose from. The modern machine, too, offers a wealth of competing accessories for selection, all vaunting some special excellence. Are rim brakes no good and coaster hubs essential? Is the lever action unsatisfactory compared with the Bowden wire? Are three-speed gears a deadening influence or a boon? Should heavy roadster tyres or light racing ones be preferred? What is the best length for cranks and figure for gears? And so on.

A New or Second Hand?

His choice will lie between a new and a second-hand bicycle, and if he decides on the former the best thing to do is to go round the cycle agents' shops, collect the latest catalogues, and take a good look at the mounts in the windows.

He must then decide what sort of machine will suit his purpose. If he intends to ride in all weathers, and is not disposed to spend hours in cleaning the bright parts, he may get an "all black" or some other type in which the fittings, usually plated, are enamelled or covered with celluloid. Such mounts are usually full roadsters.

If, on the other hand, he requires something speedy, he may go in for a road racer with open-ended tyres, wooden rims, and no mudguards.

There remains a compromise—a light but strong machine capable of speed, but equipped with sturdier tyres and fitted with such things as mudguards and even a gear-case and a change-speed hub. The tendency to-day is to build the average bicycle much heavier than is necessary. Every cycle has not to carry a 14 or 15 stone rider, and lighter men can safely choose mounts that are described as "feather-weights" or "light roadsters."

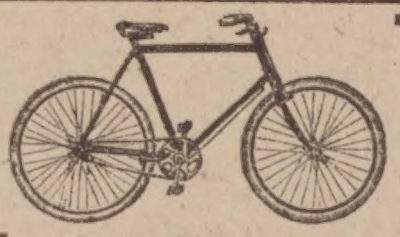
To be Borne in Mind.

There is one thing to be borne in mind—it is better to buy a cheaper grade of machine from a good firm than to fly to an unknown maker who holds out promises impossible of realisation at the price.

In buying a machine second-hand always ask the owner for the invoice and note the make, and the date on which it was bought. Don't be put off with an excuse that the invoice has been mislaid and that, if you will call again, it will be produced; that simply gives the seller a chance of borrowing or faking one. Also see that the transfer is visible, and, failing that, the stampings on the cranks and hubs. The date on which the bicycle was bought new is also important; it will also show whether you are getting a reasonable up-to-date mount or something out of the dim past.

Examination Essential.

It does not follow, however, that a recently-puchased machine is in good condition. It may have had accidents and rough usage. A careful examination is therefore essential. See whether the wheels (especially the back one) can be moved from side to side, and watch them revolve. If they wobble, then the bearings are probably worn in the one case, and the wheel is certainly out of truth in the other. The crank axle should be tested in the same way.



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THE DERBY CANDIDATES: POSSIBILITIES O ROYAL VICTOR

If the time tests stand for anything, it seems pretty safe to predict that the King's colt will carry the Royal colours to victory in the Derby of 1912. It hardly seems creditable, but is nevertheless a fact, that Pintadeau covered the stiff mile and a half in the Payne Stakes in 6 1-5th seconds less time than Lemberg's record time over the same distance at Epsom, which is a far easier course.

In this country we have not acquired the habit of placing as much reliance on time as the Americans did on their side when racing was at its height, and as they still do in Australia.

We are content to rely on the book of form, but it is next to useless in this case; in fact, it forms a stumbling block rather than a guide.

The Victory of Pintadeau.

Taking form alone, the victory of Pintadeau did not amount to much. St. Neots cannot by any means be termed a first-class animal, but Pintadeau had all his work cut out to shake him off. One thing he showed us is that he is as game a colt as we have yet seen out, and that there is no question as to his staying ability. One great point in his favour is that he is the only colt that will face the starter on June 5th who has already won over the distance to be traversed, and this, combined with his very fast time, must make him a very formidable candidate.

Hall Cross, as in the Two Thousand Guineas, showed that he does not stay, and he cannot have much chance of reversing the placings with the King's representative.

White Star's Lack of Stamina.

White Star lacks stamina, or else he is an arrant rogue, and if he wins the "Blue Riband" of 1912 I shall be the most surprised man at Epsom. The "Star" cannot be described as a horse in the true sense of the word; he is nothing more than a good-sized cob. He is, however, full of muscle and quality, and reflects great credit on his clever trainer. But that does not make him a stayer, and wherever they finish, Mr. Joel's colt should be beaten as in the "Guineas," by Sweeper II.

The performance of the American colt fully entitles him to the position he now holds in the market. He covered the mile in a fraction of a second longer than Sunstar's Newmarket record, so that time comes in again, and makes the two horses in question practically the same. But were it possible for them to meet, I very much doubt whether this would work out. Last year Sunstar came out and won the Newmarket stakes very easily, and demonstrated the fact that he could stay. But in the case of Sweeper II., we have to take his ability to get the distance on trust.

It must not be taken for granted that he does not get the distance before he actually fails to do so in public, but to my mind, there are at least four candidates whose chance can be as favourably considered as Persse's chance.

Entitled to Every Consideration.

These are Pintadeau, already referred to, Cylgad, Tagalic, and Mordred. The ready victory of Cylgad in the Stakes at the last Newmarket meeting entitles him to every consideration, and if he runs up to form in the Derby, he will be handy at the finish. The mile and a quarter at Newmarket is not by any means the easiest course in the world, and I consider that if a horse can get that distance on the heath, he should be equally capable of covering the extra two furlongs at Epsom. Cylgad's one drawback is that he is somewhat erratic, and that sort of running does not tend to inspire confidence.

At the time of writing I do not know whether Tagalic runs or not.

A Win Full of Merit.

Had The Story been at his best when beaten by Mordred, I should have no hesitation in saying that the performance of the latter was the best we had yet seen of any candidate for classic honours. As it was, his victory was full of merit. He was certainly in receipt of a lot of weight—more than is allowed in the scale of weight for age, but the margin by which he won more than accounted for the difference.

Regarding Jingling Geordie I don't know what to say; he is one of the most difficult horses in the race to deal with. Were I sure that Wootton could ride the horse I should be rather inclined to advise his support. That his form in the "Guineas" was altogether wrong, there is not the slightest doubt. He has won twice this season over a mile, has carried a big weight, and beaten some good colts on each occ

The running of Lomond cannot be accounted for. Pr to his race, Wootton made a statement to the effect beaten there would be no excuse for the horse, even ting that his charge was not at top notch. That the was altogether wrong is of course obvious, and it is likely that the slight crack in his heel, which he struc opened when over-reaching himself during the race, have had something to do with his poor display.

Selecting a Horse.

Jaeger is by no means out of it, and should beat more beat him, but he should be beaten by Sweeper II., and I have already mentioned.

A horse whose chance I like, who seems to have been looked, is Javelin. I know no more about him than his year-old form revealed, except that he has wintered has done a lot of good work, and is fit.

The field will be a pretty big one, and it is possible have not mentioned the winner, but I am going to se horse that we know can stay, and will fight every in the way. It is not from a patriotic point of view because I honestly believe the horse capable of win that I select

PINTADEAU,

and I am sure you will all join me in wishing the success at his first attempt to win the most coveted r the world.

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Shedley Gold Cup (1½m.) ... ... ELECTI
Albrighton Selling Welter (1m.) ... ALLEGIAN

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Victoria Cup (7f.) ... ... GREAT SURPRI
Palace Selling Plate (1m.) ... ... BOILING H

WOLVERHAMPTON
Whitsuntide Handicap Plate (5f.) PRIMROSE MO
Ingestre Handicap Plate (1m.) COURVOISIER NAPOLE

MANCHESTER (Wednesday).
Castle Irwell Handicap (1m.) ... ... ST. GIRO
Trial Handicap (1½m.) ... ... SANDWO
Stamford Three-Year-Old Handicap (5f.) LADY TORRINGTO

MANCHESTER (Thursday).
Bridgewater Handicap (1¼m.) ... ... CHILI
Broughton Welter Handicap (1m.) ... COLLAR
Beaufort Handicap (5f.) ... ... WHIMS

MANCHESTER (Friday).
Manchester Cup (1½m.) ... ... HAIR TRIGGER
Brackley Handicap (6f.) ... ... ST. BRE

MANCHESTER (Saturday).
Salford Borough Handicap (6f.) WETHERS WE
"OLD HAN

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

WEDDING GARMENTS AGAIN.

Judging by my correspondence, a brigdegroom's attire is of perennial interest to my readers, and this and a letter from "Mac" (Derby) are my excuse for returning to the subject.

"Mac" is going to be married (thumping luck and fat weans to him!). It is to be a quiet wedding; no bridesmaids, while the bride will be in travelling dress. In the circumstances "Mac" asks whether he should wear frock coat, silk hat, etc., or would a lounge suit be "permissible or preferable?"

He says that a morning coat would be a compromise, but that he has an objection to this particular article of apparel. Well, "Mac," a lounge suit of some dark material, say, blue serge or dark grey, would be "premissible," but would certainly not be preferable "to frock coat, etc."

The morning coat is now correct for a bridegroom, but "Mac" objects to it, in which he has my sympathy, so I advise him to wear his "frocker." The fact that the lady is not wearing a regular bridal costume is, in my opinion, immaterial. Your other query, "Mac," is replied to elsewhere.

A STRAW HAT TRAGEDY.

"A.E.J." (Rhondda) has been having trouble with his straw hat, a good one, which cost 8s. 6d. It fell in the dust, got dirty, and he cleaned it "with some preparation guaranteed to clean straw,"—result, the hat turned yellow and is unwearable, although otherwise as good as new.

Not knowing what was in the preparation used, it is a little difficult to prescribe, but perhaps the hat may be restored to its pristine whiteness by the following means:—

First let "A.E.J." wash the hat in pure water, preferably in two or three relays, at the same time scrubbing it thoroughly with a brush.

Then let him put the hat into a box in which has been placed a saucer of burning sulphur. Cover up the box and leave there for about an hour.

INK AND OTHER STAINS.

"W.Mc.I." (Preston) asks how to remove ink stains from a suit? Dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teacup of hot water, and thoroughly rub the stained part with a flannel or linen rag dipped in the solution. While on the subject of inkstains, I may as well deal with some others.

Petrol is largely used for cleaning clothes nowadays, but it is dangerous stuff to handle. May I earnestly beg my readers if they do use petrol never to pour it away down drains. Many a sewer worker has had a narrow squeak of being overcome by the fumes of petrol that has been emptied down a drain. The simplest way to remove grease spots is to put a piece of brown paper over the spotted part and then to iron with a fairly hot iron.

If this fails, pour some turpentine on the part affected, and then rub with a piece of clean flannel.

Fruit stains on linen are quickly removed by washing on each side with yellow soap, then tying up a piece of pearlash in the stained part and soaking in hot water, finally exposing to sun and air.

The immediate application of hot milk will also remove wine and other stains.

CUT OF LOUNGE SUITS.

Two country correspondents both ask the same question, viz., how should a lounge suit be cut? Not much doubt about that. Coat: Single-breasted, shaped to waist, rather full skirts, three buttons. Waistcoat: Single-breasted, not showing above coat when coat buttoned, pointed tips. Trousers moderately peg-top shape, and not turned up. While the coat is shaped close into the waist, the general impression of the suit should be of ease and roominess. On no account let your tailor skimp the material. The breast opening of the coat should be fairly low, but as already remarked, when the coat is buttoned the waistcoat should be invisible.

THE IRRITATING SILK COLLAR.

C.D. (Chard) asks, among other things, whether I approve of silk polo collars? He says he finds they shrink after washing, and have an irritating trick of working up above the shirt-band. This is my own experience, too. Silk collars are no doubt all right for the wealthy polo player who can afford an unlimited supply of them, but I do not recomend them for ordinary wear.

GENERAL REPLIES.

J.S. (Leyton).—Although the posts are outside the court, it is a good stroke at law tennis if the ball hits a post and rebounds into play, assuming, of course, that it falls over the net.

C.D. (Chard).—Captain Saunders tells us that straw hats this year are low in the crown and wide (about 3ins.) in the brim. Thanks for kind remarks.

"MAC" (Derby).—Stock Exchange Derby sweep tickets are obtainable only through a member of the Stock Exchange. They cost, we believe, a sovereign apiece.

"GEORGE P" (Gipsy Hill).—No better place in England than Devonshire for a fishing holiday.

"KEN" (Musselburgh).—Hoots, mon, there's as guid fush in the sea as ever came oot o' it. Buck up, braw laddie, an' ye'll be a mon before your mither.

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